

T H E
W O R K S
O F
S H A K E S P E A R.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CONTAINING,
KING LEAR.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
MACBETH.
CORIOLANUS.

E D I N B U R G H:

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M. DCC. LXXI.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF WILLIAM OF ORKNEY



I thought the King had remembered the Duke of Albany from Cornwall. I love it, always ready to us - but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Duke he values himself for, but not to weigh it, in his own capacity, in his own capacity, in his own capacity.

THE KING'S REVENUE

The LIFE and DEATH of K I N G L E A R.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR <i>King of Britain.</i>	Gentleman, <i>Attendant on</i>
<i>King of France.</i>	Cordelia.
<i>Duke of Burgundy.</i>	<i>A Herald.</i>
<i>Duke of Cornwall.</i>	<i>Old man, tenant to Glo'ster.</i>
<i>Duke of Albany.</i>	<i>Servant to Cornwall.</i>
<i>Earl of Glo'ster.</i>	1st, } <i>Servants to Glo'ster,</i>
<i>Earl of Kent.</i>	2d, }
<i>Edgar, son to Glo'ster.</i>	Gonerill, }
<i>Edmund, bastard son to Glo'ster.</i>	Regan, } <i>daughters to</i>
<i>Curan, a courtier.</i>	Gordelia, } <i>Lear.</i>
<i>Doctor.</i>	
<i>Foot.</i>	<i>Knights attending on the</i>
<i>Oswald, steward to Gonerill.</i>	<i>King, Officers, Messen-</i>
<i>A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.</i>	<i>gers, Soldiers, and At-</i>
	<i>tendants.</i>

SCENE lies in Britain.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The King's palace.

Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.

Kent. **I** Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity * in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

* Curiosity, for exactest scrutiny.

Kent. Is not this your son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: tho' this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent;—

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.

[*Trumpets sound, within.*]

The King is coming.

S C E N E II.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Glo'ster.

Glo. I shall, my Liege.

[*Exit.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker * purpose. Give me the map here: know, we have divided, In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our first intent, To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of Cornwall,

* *Darker, for more secret; not for indirect, oblique.*

And

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
 We have this hour a constant will to publish
 Our daughters sev'ral dow'rs, that future strife
 May be prevented. The Princes France and Burgundy,
 Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their am'rous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters,
 (Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
 Int'rest of territory, and cares of state)
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend,
 Where nature doth with merit challenge. Gonerill,
 Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found:
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
 Beyond all manner * of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, ev'n from this line to this, —
 With shadowy forests and with champions rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual. — What says our second daughter, —
 Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall: speak.

Reg. I'm made of that self-metal as my sister, —
 And prize me at her worth, in my true heart.
 I find she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short: that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find I am alone felicitate
 In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!

[*Aside.*]

And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
 More pond'rous than their tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;

* i. e. beyond all expression.

No less in space, validity *, and pleasure,
 Than that conferr'd on Gonerill. — Now our joy,
 Although our last, not least; in whose young love,
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be int'res'd: what say you, to draw
 A third, more opulent than your sisters? speak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
 According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a
 Little, lest you may mar your fortunes. [little,

Cor. Good my Lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
 Return these duties back, as are right fit;
 Obey you, love you, and must honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you all; haply, when I shall wed,
 That Lord whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all. —

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower:
 For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity, and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me,
 Hold thee from this for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes,
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,

* *Validity*, for *worth*, *value*; not for *integrity*, or *good title*.

As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight!—[*To Cor.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her. Call France; who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughter's dowers digest the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty. Ourself by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The sway, revenue, execution of th' helm,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the

Kent. Let it fall rather, tho' the fork invade [*shaft.*
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad: what would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When pow'r to flattery bows? to plainness honour
Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.
Reserve thy state; with better judgment check
This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy foes; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent.

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by Apollo ———

Kent. Now by Apollo, King,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal ! miscreant !

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease ; revoke thy doom,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet ; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our pow'r * ;
Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,
Our potency make good ; take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom ; if, the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death : away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King ; sith thus thou wilt ap-
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here ; [*pear,*
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [*To Cor.*
That justly thinks, and hast most rightly said ;
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To Gon. and Reg.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Glo'ster, with France and Burgundy, and at-
tendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address tow'rd you, who with this King

* power, for execution of the sentence.

Have

Have rivall'd for our daughter ; what at least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most Royal Majesty,
I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we held her so ;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piece'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is your's.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon, Royal Sir ;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir ; for by the pow'r that
made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great King,
[To France.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you
T'avert * your liking a more worthy way,
Than on a wretch, whom nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge her's.

France. This is most strange !
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,
Your praise's argument, balm of your age,
Dearest and best, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour ! Sure, th' offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
As monsters it ; or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,

* To avert, for to turn, simply.

(If,

(If, for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak), that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even the want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I'm glad I've not; though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou

Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from th' entire * point. Say, will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,

Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing. — I've sworn.

Bur. I'm sorry then you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy;
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
Most choice, forsaken! and most lov'd, despis'd! [poor!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon.

Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.

Thy dow'rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.

Not all the Dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious maid of me.

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, tho' unkind;

Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

For Bur. Entire, far right, true.

people

Lear.

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for
Have no such daughter; nor shall ever see [we
That face of her's again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, Noble Burgundy.

[*flourish.* *Exeunt Lear and Burgundy.*

S C E N E IV.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know what you are,
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father;
To your professing bosoms I commit him;
But yet alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scant'd,
And well are worth the want that you have vaunted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover'd faults at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

S C E N E V.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I've to say,
Of what most nearly appertains to us both;
I think our father will go hence to-night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of change his age is, the ob-
servation we have made of it hath not been little: he
always lov'd our sister most, and with what poor judg-
ment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and foundest of his time hath been but
fash; then must we look, from his age, to receive not
alone

alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th'heat. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to a castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the pledge of custom, and permit
The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? * *Why bastard? wherefore base?*
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest Madam's issue? why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
"Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
"More composition and fierce quality,
"Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
"Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
"Got'tween a sleep and wake? Well then, good bro-
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land; [ther,
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to th' legitimate; fine word——*legitimate*——

* Edmund is here inveighing against the tyranny of custom, of which he produces two distinct instances; one with respect to younger brothers, the other with respect to bastards. In the former, he must not be understood to mean himself, though he speaks in the first person, but according to a common mode of speech to suppose the case his own, and as in his own person, to exclaim against the unreasonableness and injustice of the thing. The argument thus becomes general, implying more than is said, namely, *Wherefore should I, or any man, &c.*

Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall be th' legitimate.—I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

SCENE VII. *To him, enter Glo'ster.*

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the King gone to-night! subscrib'd * his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now? what news?

Edm. So please your Lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not
such need to hide itself. Let's see; come, if it be no-
thing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me; it is a letter
from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and
for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your
overlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it. The
contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. *[reads.]* *This policy and reverence of ages † makes
the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes
from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find
an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny;
which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.
Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father
would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his re-
venue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.*

—Hum—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I wake him
—you should enjoy half his revenue—My son Ed-

* subscribe for transferred, alienated.

† ages signifies former times.

gar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and a brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my Lord; I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain, where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my Lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger*.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. — Heav'n and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business af-

* Pretence, for purpose; danger, for wickedness.

ter your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently, convey* the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourge'd by the sequent effects. "Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father." This villain of mine comes under the prediction, There's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. "We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!" Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII. *Manet* Edmund.

Edm. "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and stars, as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an inforce'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the change of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Urfa major*; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

* *Convey*, for *introduce*: but *convey* is a fine word, as alluding to the practice of clandestine conveying goods, so as not to be found upon the felon.

SCENE IX. *To him, enter Edgar.*

Pat!—"He comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy;" my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam,—O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me——— [Humming.]

Edg. How now, brother Edmund, what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fully bring you to hear my Lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

[Exit.]

SCENE X.

Edm. I do serve you in this business:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,

That

That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy : I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit ;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

SCENE XI. *The Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter Gonerill and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding
of his fool ?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me ; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds : I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him ; say, I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam ; I hear him.

Gon. Put on what wary negligence you please,
You and your fellows : I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath giv'n away !—Now, by my life,
Old folks are babes again ; and must be us'd
With checks, not flatt'ries, when they're seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well Madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you :
What grows of it, no matter ; and advise
Your fellows so. I'll write strait to my sister
To hold my course. Go, and prepare for dinner.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.

Changes to an open place before the palace.

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,

B 3

And

And can my speech diffuse *, my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue,
 For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.

How now, what art thou? [To Kent.]

Kent. A man, Sir

Lear. What dost thou profess? what would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise; to say little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuse; and to eat no fish,

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beest as poor for a subject as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, make a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing,

* To diffuse, here signifies to disorder, to put out of a regular course. It is used in the same sense in other places in this author; diffused air, diffused sounds.

ing, nor so old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee. Yet no dinner? ho, dinner— where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you ——— [Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool, ho? ——— I think the world's asleep. How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependents, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence* and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young Lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you, and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool, O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

* pretence, for indication.

Enter

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lady's father.

Lear. My Lady's father? my Lord's knave! — you whorson dog, you slave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of these, my Lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player.

[Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry. But away, go to: have you wisdom? so. —

[Pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service.

S C E N E XIII. *To them, enter Fool.*

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[Giving his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'st thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb*.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that is out of favour; nay, an' thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, uncle? would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb myself; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

* Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow.

Lear

Lear. Take heed, sirrah, the whip.——

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th' fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unsee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. * [To Kent.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. 'All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.'

Kent. 'This is not altogether fool, my Lord.'

Fool. 'No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part

* ——— believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool! ——

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one.

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord that counsel'd thee to give away thy land, Come, place him here by me, or do thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call, &c.

'on't:

' on't: nay, the ladies too, they'll not let me have all
' fool to myself, they'll be snatching.'

Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle, and ate up the meat, the two crowns of the egg; when thou clovest thy crown i' th' middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ails on thy back o'er the dirt; thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it sooth.

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year, [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. Since when were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and putt'st down thy own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

Lear. If you lye, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' th' parings.

SCENE XVI. *To them, enter Gonerill.*

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now, thou art an O without

out a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue, [*To Gonerill.*]; so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

*Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, shall want some.*

Thou art a sheal'd peascod. [*Speaking to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought, by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on *
By your allowance. If you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which else were shame), that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding,

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

*The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young;*

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away [dom,
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the
horse? whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking—'tis not so;
Who is it that can tell me who I am? †

* *i. e.* promote, put it forward.

† ——— who I am.

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. Lear's shadow? &c.

Lear's shadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman? —

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o' th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,
To understand my purposes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and 'squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn; epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grace'd palace*. Shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
Of fifty to disquantity your train;
And the remainders, that shall still depend †,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknefs and devils!
Saddle my horses, call my train together. —
Degen'rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rab-
Make servants of their betters. [ble

S C E N E XV. *To them, enter Albany.*

Lear. Woe! that too late repents—O, Sir, are you
come?
Is it your will, speak, Sir? prepare my horses. —
[To Albany.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Alb. Pray you, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou lyeſt. [To Gonerill.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport

* i. e. a place grace'd with the preſence of its ſovereign.

† depend, for continue in ſervice.

The worships of their names. O most small fault!
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew?
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
 From the fix'd place*; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
 And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I'm guileless, as I'm ignorant
 Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord——
 Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess, hear a father!
 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
 To make this creature fruitful:
 Into her womb convey sterility,
 Dry up in her the organs of increase,
 And from her derogate† body never spring
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her;
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
 To have a thankless child.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know of what:
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
 Within a fortnight!——

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee—life and death! I am ashamed
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
 [To Gonerill.
 That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.——Blasts and fogs
 upon thee!

Th' untainted woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every fence about thee! Old fond eyes,

* Alluding to the famous boast of Archimedes.

† *derogate*, for *unnatural*.

Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that ye lose,
 To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so: I have another daughter,
 Who I am sure is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever. [*Ex. Lear and Attendants.*]

S C E N E XVI.

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Gonerill,
 To the great love I bear you.

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, Oswald, ho!
 You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the fool
 A fox, when one has caught her, [*with thee:*
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter:
 So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel—a hundred
 knights?

Is't politic, and safe, to let him keep
 A hundred knights? yes, that on ev'ry dream,
 Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may inguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
 And hold our lives at mercy. Oswald, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far;—

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart;
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
 If she'll sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have shew'd th' unfitness—

Enter Steward.

How now, Oswald?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;

Inform

Inform her full of my particular fears,
 And thereto add such reasons of your own,
 As may compact * it more. So get you gone,
 And hasten your return. [Exit Steward.]

—No, no, my Lord,
 This milky gentleness and course of yours,
 Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well, th' event. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XVII.

A court-yard belonging to the Duke of Albany's palace.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentlemen, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Glo'ster with these letters;
 acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you
 know, than comes from her demand out of the letter;
 if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
 you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my Lord, till I have delivered
 your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not
 in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not
 go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly;
 for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple,
 yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a
 crab. Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i' th' mid-
 dle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's

* compact, for confirm.

nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong——

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!——Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father,
and

and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Duchess, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad, I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then in time. Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Edm. The Duke be here to-night! the better! best! This weaves itself perforce into my business; My father hath set guard to take my brother, And I have one thing of a queasy question Which I must act: briefness and fortune work! Brother, a word; descend, brother, I say;—

To him, enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place, Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid; You've now the good advantage of the night— Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? * He's coming hither now i' th' night, in haste, And Regan with him; have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me— In cunning I must draw my sword upon you— Draw, seem to defend yourself. Now quit you well ———

Yield—come before my father—light ho, here!— Fly, brother—torches!—so farewell— [*Ex. Edgar.* Some blood drawn on me, would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards

* Meaning upon the party engaged by him against the Duke of Albany.

Do more than this in sport. Father! father!
Stop, stop, no help?—

S C E N E III.

To him, enter Gloucester, and servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon
To stand's auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho? go after. By no means, what?—

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your Lordship;
But that, I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father.—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnat'ral purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lance'd my arm;
And when he saw my best-alarmed spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, dispatch'd.—The noble Duke, my master,
My worthy arch * and patron, comes to-night;
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he who finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murth'rous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him plight to do it, with curs'd speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! do'st thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal

* i. e. chief.

Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? No; when I should deny,
 (As this I would, although thou didst produce
 My very character), I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it. *[Trumpets within.]*

Glo. O strange, fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.—
 Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land
 (Loyal and natural boy!) I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
 Which can pursue th' offender. How does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, 'tis crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
 He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
 That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
 To have th' expence and waste of his revenues:
 I have this present evening from my sister
 Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
 That if they come to sojourn at my house,

I'll

I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, I assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear, that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. As for you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience in this instance
So much commends itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize upon.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you —

Reg. Thus out of season threading dark-ey'd night;
Occasions, Noble Glo'ster of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice. —
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of diff'rences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the sev'ral messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good downing* to thee, friend; art of this

Kent. Ay.

[*house?*]

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

* i. e. good rest; the common evening-salutation of that time.

Kent.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave, a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue: one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on me, that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-face'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? is it two days ago since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'th' moonshine of you; you whorson, cullyon, barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King; and take Vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks—draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murther! help! ———

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help ho! murther! murther! ———

S C E N E VI.

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and servants.

Edm. How now, what's the matter? part——

Kent.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies that strikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The messenger from our sister and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour; you cowardly rascal! nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. I, a tailor, Sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two hours o'th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted * villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wag-tail! ——

Corn. Peace, firrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as these Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain Too intricate t' unloose; sooth every passion That in the nature of their lords rebels; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters, As knowing nought, like dogs, but following. A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile you my speeches as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

* i. e. unrefined by education, the brain yet in him; a metaphor from the bakehouse.

Ed drive ye cackling home to Camelot *.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow ?

Glo. How fell you out ? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave ? what is his
fault ?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain; [her's.
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stand on any shoulders that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. " This is some fellow,
" Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
" A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb †
" Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,—
" An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
" An' they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
" These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
" Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends
" Than twenty filky ducking observants,
" That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front—

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much. I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he
that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave;
which for my part I will not be, though I should win
your displeasure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him ?

Stew. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the King his master very lately
To strike at me upon his misconstruction :
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,

* Camelot was the place where the romances say King Arthur kept
his court in the west. So this alludes to some proverbial speech in those
romances.

† garb, for-habit, custom.

Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him; got praises of the King,
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their foil.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks.

You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the King;
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks;
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my Lord, and all night
too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same nature
Our sister speaks of: Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so;
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches
For pilferings, and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that:

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs—

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my Lord, away. [*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*]

S C E N E VII.

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure. Whose disposition, all the world well knows, [sure, Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd*. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle: [hard; A good man's fortune may grow out at heels; Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[Exit,

Kent. Good King that must approve the common saw, Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st To the warm sun†! ‡ All weary and o'erwatch'd, Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel.

[He sleeps.

S C E N E changes to a part of a heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I've heard myself proclaim'd; And, by the happy hollow of a tree, Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place, That guard and most unusual vigilance Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape, I will preserve myself: and am bethought To take the basest and the poorest shape, That ever penury, in contempt of man, Brought near to beast: my face I'll grim with filth; Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots;

* A metaphor from bowling.

† An old proverbial saying applied to those who are turn'd out of house and home, deprived of all the comforts of life, excepting the common benefits of the air and sun.

‡ ——— warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon of this under-globe, [Looking up to the moon. That by thy comfortable beams I may Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles, But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia; Who hath most fortunately been inform'd Of my obscured course. I shall find time From this enormous state, and seek to give Offes their remedies. All weary, &c.

And with presented nakedness outface
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms,
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
 Inforce reer charity; poor Turlupin! poor Tom!—
 That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes again to the Earl of Glo'ster's castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from
 And not send back my messenger. [home,

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, Noble master!

Lear. Ha! mak'st thou thy shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horses are ty'd
 by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by
 th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-lu-
 sty at legs, then he wears wooden nether stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook,
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, Yea.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, No.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, Ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than mur-
 To do upon respect * such violent outrage: [ther,

* Respect, for one in honourable employment.

Resolve me with all modest * haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Coming from us ?

Kent: My Lord, when at their home
I did command your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Gonerill his mistress salutation;
Deliver'd letters spight of intermission†,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny‡, strait took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine;
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your Highness),
Having more man than wit about me, I drew,
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that
Fathers that wear rags, [way.
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours || from
Thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter ?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.

* Modest for reasonable.

† *Intermission*, for another message which they had then before them,
to consider of; called *intermission*, because it came between their leisure
and the Steward's message.

‡ Meiny, i. e. people.

|| A quibble intended between dolours and dollars.

Gent. Made you no more offence
But what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An' thou hadst been set i'th' stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i'th' winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking—Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let it draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, Sir, which serves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm:
But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th' stocks, fool.

S C E N E X. *Enter Lear and Glo'ster.*

Lear. Deny to speak with me? they're sick, they're weary,

They have travell'd all the night! mere fetches,
The images* of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better answer——

Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke:
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, Glo'ster,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

* images for indications.

Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speak with Cornwall, the dear father

Wou'd with his daughter speak; commands her service? Are they inform'd of this?—my breath and blood!—

“ Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke, that—

“ No, but not yet; may be he is not well;

“ Infirmary doth still neglect all office,

“ Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourselves,

“ When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

“ To suffer with the body.” I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the found man.—Death on my state! but wherefore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the Duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth;

Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them:

Now, presently.—bid them come forth, and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry, Sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my rising heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' th' pasty alive; she rapp'd 'em o' th' coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, Down, wantons, down: 'twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse butter'd his hay.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Sepulchring an adult'ress. O, are you free? [To Kent.

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught : oh Regan, she hath tied
 " Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture here * ;

[Points to his heart,

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe
 With how deprav'd a quality—oh Regan!—

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience ; I have hope,
 You less know how to value her desert,
 Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say ? how is that ?—

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
 Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
 She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
 As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!—

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
 Nature in you stands on the very verge
 Of her confine ; you should be rul'd and led
 By some discretion, that discerns your state
 Better than you yourself : therefore I pray you,
 That to our sister you do make return ;
 Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house ?
 Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ; [Kneeling.
 Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg,
 That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks :
 Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan.

She hath abated me of half my train ;
 Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,
 Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
 All the stor'd vengeance of Heaven fall
 On her ungrateful top ! strike her young bones,
 You taking airs, with lameness !—

Corn. Fie, Sir ! fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
 Into her scornful eyes ! infect her beauty. [flames
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'ful sun
 To fall, and blast her pride.

* Alluding to the fable of Prometheus.

Reg. O the blest'd gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, and dues of gratitude:
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. [*Trumpet within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' th' stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd † pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

S C E N E XII. *Enter Gonerill.*

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I've good hope
Thou did'st not know on't — Who comes here?
O Heav'ns!

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Hallow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I of-
All's not offence that indiscretion fines, [*fended?*]
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O fides, you are too tough?
Will you yet hold? — How came my man i' th'
stocks?

* *easy-borrow'd*, for *natural* to him.

Corn.

Corn. I set him there, Sir : but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You ? did you ?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, deem't so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me ;
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd ?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse
To wage against th' enmity o' th' air ;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl ;
Necessity's sharp pinch ——— Return with her ?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dow'rless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'squire-like pension beg,
To keep base life a-foot. ——— Return with her ?
Persuade me rather to be a slave, and sumpter ;
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad ;
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel ;
“ We'll no more meet, no more see one another ;
“ But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter, —
“ Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
“ Which I must needs call mine ; thou art a bile,
“ A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle,
“ In my corrupted blood ; but I'll not chide thee.
“ Let shame come when it will, I do not call it ;
“ I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
“ Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
“ Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure.”
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan ;
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so ;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome ; give ear to my sister ;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken ?

Reg.

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? since both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number: how in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attend-
From those that she calls servants, or from mine? [ance

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chance'd to
slack ye,

We would controul them. If you'll come to me,
(For now I spy a danger), I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all ———

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number; must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wrinkled creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,

When others are more wrinkled. - Not being worst,
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee:

[To *Gon.*

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou hast twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord.

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. "O, reason not the need: our basest beggars

"Are in the poorest thing superfluous;

"Allow not nature more than nature needs,

"Man's life is cheap as beasts." Thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,—

You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!

"You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

"As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

"If

" If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 " Against their father, fool me not so much
 " To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger:
 " O let not womens' weapons, water-drops,
 " Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
 " I will have such revenges on you both,
 " That all the world shall — I will do such things,
 " What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep.
 No, I'll not weep.—I have full cause of weeping.—
 This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
 Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt Lear, Glo'ster, Kent, and Fool.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*]

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my Lord of Glo'ster?

Enter Glo'ster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth; ——— he is re-
 turn'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not
 whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on; and the high winds
 Do forely ruffle, for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries that they themselves procure,
 Must be their schoolmasters: shut up your doors.
 He is attended with a desp'rate train;
 And what they may incense him to, being apt
 To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night.
My Regan counsels well: come out o' th' storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. WHO's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you; where's the King?*

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair;
[Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of];*
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn† bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched folk
Keep their fur dry; unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's division
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt Albany and Cornwall.‡
But

* These two lines in crotchets are some player's trash.

† i. e. whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.

‡ ——— 'twixt Albany and Cornwall:

Who have (as who have not, whom their great stars
Throne and set high!), servants who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes;

But true it is, from France there comes a power,
 Into this scathed kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret seize
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you,
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The King hath cause to plain.
 I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And, from some knowledge and assurance of you,
 Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not :

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As, fear not, but you shall), shew her that ring,
 And she will tell you who this fellow is.
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That when we have found the King, (for which you take
 That way, I this), he that first lights on him,
 Halloo the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage,
 You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout [blow!
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
 [Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts], *
 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
 Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once

Or the hard sein, which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind King; or something deep r,
 (Wherof, perchance, these are but furnishings——)
 But true it is, &c.

* This line the players' spurious issue.

That make ingrateful man !

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is better than the rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing : here's a night that pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain ! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters. I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children ; You owe me no subscription *. Then let fall Your horrible pleasure.—Here I stand, your brave ; A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man ! But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. Oh ! oh ! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head piece.

The codpiece that will house before the head has any, The head and he shall lowse ; so beggars marry many. That man that makes his toe what he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake. For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

S C E N E III. *To them, enter Kent.*

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience ; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who' there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a codpiece, that's a wiseman and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here ? Things that love night,

Love not such nights as these : the wrathful skies Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark, And make them keep their caves. Since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring-wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry Th' affliction, nor the force.

* Subscription, for obedience.

Lear. " Let the great gods,
 " That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
 " Find out their enemies now Tremble, thou wretch,
 " That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 " Unwhipp'd of justice ! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
 " Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
 " That art incestuous ! caitiff, shake to pieces,
 " That, under cover of convivial seeming,
 " Hast practis'd on man's life !—Close pent up guilts,
 " Rive your concealing continents, and ask
 These dreadful summoners grace !——I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed ?
 Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest :
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd ;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
 Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
 Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy ? art cold ?
 I'm cold myself Where is the straw, my fellow ?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious Come, your hovel ;
 I, poor fool and knave, I've one string in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has an a little tiny wit,
 With heigh ho, the wind and the rain,
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,
 Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy : come bring us to this hovel. [Exit

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtezan.
 I'll speak a prophecy or two ere I go.
 When priests are more in words than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
 No heretics burnt, but wenches' suitors ;
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.

When

When every case in law is right,
 No 'squire in debt, and no poor knight;
 When flanders do not live in tongues,
 And cut-purses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,
 And bawds and whores do churches build;
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.
 This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I do live before
 his time. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *An apartment in Glo'ster's castle.*

Enter Glo'ster and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charge'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, intreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to, say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken. (I have lock'd the letter in my closet). These injuries the King now bears, will be revenged home. There is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the King. I will look for him, and privily relieve him. Go you, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are strange things toward Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy forbid thee, shall the Duke instantly know, and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses; no less than all.

The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to a part of the heath with a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord; good my Lord,
The tyranny o' the open night's too rough [enter.
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't break my heart? [enter:

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my Lord,

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee; [storm

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the mind's

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind [free,

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to't? — "But I'll punish home;

"No, I will weep no more—In such a night,

"To shut me out!—pour on, I will endure.

"In such a night as this! O Regan, Gonerill,

"Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—

"O that way madness lies; let me shun that;

"No more of that. ———

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee go in thyself, seek thine own ease;

"This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

"On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in;"

In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty——

Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. —

[Exit Fool]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!

How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? — "O I have ta'en

"Too little care of this! take physic, Pomp;

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

"That

" That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 " And shew the heav'n's more just." [poor Tom.
Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit; help
 me, help me. [*The fool runs out from the hovel.*
Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?
Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' th'
 straw? come forth.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through
 the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go
 to thy bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and art
 thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the
 foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,
 through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire;
 that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in
 his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud
 of heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd
 bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor,—bless
 thy five wits; Tom's a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do,
 de,—bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and
 taking; do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul
 fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there,
 and here again, and there. [*Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
 this pass?

Could'st thou save nothing? didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been
 all athamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
 Hang fated o'er mens' faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have subdu'd
 To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. [nature
 Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
 Should have, thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill, halloo, halloo,
loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and
madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul fiend; obey thy parents;
keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with
man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud
array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that
curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust
of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with
her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke
them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept in the
contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deep-
ly; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the
Turk. False of heart, light of ear*, bloody of hand;
hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in
madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes,
nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman.
Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plac-
kets, thy pen from lenders' books, and despise the foul
fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:
says hum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy:
let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer
with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.
"Is man no more than this? consider him well. Thou
"ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep
"no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of
"us are topicalicated. Thou art the thing itself; un-
"accommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare,
"forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings;
"come unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his cloaths.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty
night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were
like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest
on's body cold; look here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at

* i. e. credulous.

bad

curfew,

curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right.*

Kent. How fares your Grace?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow dung for fallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything, and stock punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body; horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

*But mice and rats, and such small geer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T'obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,

And

And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer,
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord;
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him? [*Storm still.*]

His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus; poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almost mad myself; I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life
But lately, very late; I lov'd him friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir;
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him; let him take the
fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland*† to the dark tower came:

† In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the season of their probation, were called *Infans*, *Valets*, *Damoyels*, *Esquires*. The most noble of the youth, particularly, *Infans*. Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant-killer Roland, before he was knighted, who is therefore called *Infans*; which the ballad maker translated, *Child Roland*.

*His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII. *Changes to Glo'ster's castle.*

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my Lord, I may be censur'd that nature thus gives way to loyalty; something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the letter which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. Oh heavens! that this treason were not; or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Ducheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Glo'ster: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully—[*aside.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood. [Aloud.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX. *A chamber in a farm-house.*

Enter Kent and Gloster.

Glo. Here is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [Exit.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler.

angler in the lake of darknefs: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Frythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a king.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red-burning spits. Come hizzing in upon 'em——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the heels of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign 'em strait. Come, sit thou here, most learned iusticer; [*To the Fool.* Thou sapient Sir, sit here —— now, ye she-foxes! ——

[*To Edgar.*

Edg. Look where she stands and glares. Wanted! At trial, Madam?

[*thou eyes*

Come o'er the broom, Bessy, to me.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, and she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? stand you not so amaz'd? Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first, bring me in the evidence. Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; [*dence.* And thou his yoke-fellow of equity, [*too.* Bench by his side. You are o' th' commission, sit you

Edg. Let us deal justly.——

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purre, the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first, 'tis Gonerill. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor King her father.

Fool.

Fool Come hither, Mistress. Is your name *Gonerill*?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, sword, fire,—corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me—

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; avaunt, you
Be thy mouth or black or white, [curs!

Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brache, or hymn;
Or bob-tail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: Sessy, come, march to wakes and
And market-towns; poor Tom, thy horn is dry. [*fairs*,

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan——see what
breeds about her heart——Is there any cause in nature
that makes these hard hearts? “You, Sir, I entertain
“for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fa-
“shion of your garments. You will say they are Per-
“sian; but let them be change'd.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the cur-
So, so, we'll go to supper i' th' morning. [*tains*.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the King, my
master?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are
gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms:

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
 There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
 And drive tow'rd Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
 Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.
 If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
 Which, if conveniency will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy master;
 Thou must not stay behind. [To Fool.]

Glo. Come, come, away. [Ex. bearing off the King.]

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind;
 Leaving free * things and happy shows behind:
 But then the mind much sufferance does o'erstep,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship,
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that which makes me bend, makes the King
 He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away; [bow!]
 Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray †, * * *
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
 In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night; safe 'scape the King!
 Lurk, lurk. ——— [Exit Edgar.]

SCENE X. *Changes to Glo'ster's castle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband, shew

* free, for undisturbed.

† Between this and the following words, something is wanting which makes the following words unconnected and obscure, and therefore unintelligible, as being only the beginning of a sentence.

him this letter; the army of France is landed; seek out the traitor Glo'ster.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear sister; farewel, my Lord of Glo'ster.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glo'ster hath convey'd him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who with some other of the Lord's dependents, Are gone with him tow'rd Dover; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet Lord, and sister.

Exeunt Gonerill and Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewel.——Go seek the traitor Glo'ster; *To the Servants.*

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us: Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r Shall do a court'fy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not controul.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Glo'ster, brought in by Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[They bind him.]

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

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Glo.

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are ! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find——

Glo. By the kind gods *, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor ?

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken and accuse thee ; I'm your host ;
With robbers' hands my hospitable favour
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from France ?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitor
Late footed in the kingdom ? [to Reg.]

Reg. To whose hands
Have you sent the lunatic King ? speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning——

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King ?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ?
Wast thou not charge'd, at peril ——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover ? let him first answer that

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the trial

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ? [to Corn.]

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black-night endur'd, would have boil'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires ;
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, " Go, porter, turn the key,

* We are not to understand by this the gods in general, who are
beneficent and kind to men ; but that particular species of them called
by the ancients, *Dii testuakes*, kind gods.

All cruels else subscrib'd*; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*[Glo'ster is held down, while Cornwall treads out
one of his eyes.]*

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help.——O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.——

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord?
I've serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of
anger.

[Fight; in the scuffle Cornwall is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?

[Kills him.]

Serv. Oh, I am slain,—my Lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh ——— *Dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:
Where is thy lustre now? *[Treads the other out.]*

Glo. All dark and comfortless ——— Where's my son
Edmund, inkindle all the sparks of nature *[Edmund?]*
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out
At th' gates, and let him smell his way to Dover.
Exit with Glo'ster:

How is't, my Lord, how look you?

* *Subscrib'd, for sicken'd.*

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, Lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghil.—*Regan*, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit Corn. led by Regan.*]

1st Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2d Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1st Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the
bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax and whites of
eggs

T' apply to's bleeding face. Now, Heav'n help him!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

An open country.

Enter Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to * age.

* *Yield to*, signifies no more than *give way to*, *sink under*, in opposition to the *struggling with*, *beating up against* the infirmities of age.

Old Man

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone; Thy comforts can do me no good at all, Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes: I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen, Our mean* secures us; and our mere defects Prove our commodities. — O dear son Edgar, The food of thy abused father's wrath; Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes again?

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O gods! who is't can say, I'm at the worst! I'm worse than ere I was:

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not, So long as we can say, This is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg. 'T' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw; Which made me think a man a worm. My son Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods; [since. They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be? Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow, Ang'ling itself and others. — Bless thee, master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Get thee away. If, for my sake, Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain 'T' th' way tow'rd Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad. [blind.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure;

* i. e. moderate, mediocre condition.

Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have
Come on't what will. [Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold;—I cannot daub * it further. [Aside.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I must. [Aside.

Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits.
Bless thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends
have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut;
Hobbididen, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of steal-
ing; Mohu, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mop-
ping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids
and waiting-women

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens'
plagues

Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal so still!

Let the superfluous † and lust-dieted man,
'That braves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Do'st thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou do'st bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm.
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter Gonerill and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my Lord, I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. [band

i. e. disguise.

† *superfluous* is here used for one living in abundance.

Enter

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so change'd,
I told him of the army that was landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming;
His answer was, The worse. Of Glo'ster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To Edm.*
It is the cowardly terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer; our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. [His trusty servant
Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this, [*Gives him a ring.*]

spare speech,
Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Your's in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Glo'ster! [*Exit Edmund.*
Oh, the strange difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due,
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh Gonerill.

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition.
That nature which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain * in itself;
She that herself will fliver and disbranch

* certain, for within the bounds that nature prescribes.

From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.
Filths favour but themselves—What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Most barb'rous, most degen'rate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good brother suffer you to do it,
A man, a prince by him so benefited?
If that the heav'n's do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour, from thy suffering: that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm the slayer begins his threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
“ Alack! why does he so? ”——

Alb. See thyself, devil.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou change'd and self-converted thing! For
Be-monster not thy feature. Wer't my fitness [shame,
To let these hands obey my [boiling] blood;
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones.—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.——

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Oh, my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
Slain by his servant, going to put out [dead,
The other eye of Glo'ster.

Alb. Glo'ster's eyes?

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master: who, thereat enrage'd,
Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. His shews you are above,
You justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But O poor Glo'ster!
Loft he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my Lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer.
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. One way, I like this well;
But being widow, and my Glo'ster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Mess. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good Lord; 'twas he inform'd against
him,

and quit the house, of purpose that their punishment
might have the freer course.

Alb. Glo'ster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
and to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;
tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Dover.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. The King of France so suddenly gone back!
now you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
which since his coming forth is thought of, which
imports the kingdom so much fear and danger,
that his return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Marechal of France, Monsieur le Far.

Kent.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief!

Gent. I, Sir, she took 'em, read 'em in my presence; And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen Over her passions, which, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O then it mov'd her. —

Gent. But not to rage. "Patience and sorrow strove Which should express her goodliest. You have seen "Sunshine and rain at once — her smiles and tears "Were like a wetter May. Those happy smiles "That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know "What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence, "As pearls from diamonds dropt. — In brief, Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd, If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal quest?

Gent. Yes, once or twice, she heav'd the name of Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart. [*father* Cry'd, Sisters! sisters! — Shame of ladies! sisters! Kent! father! sisters! what? i' th' storm? i' th' night? Let pity ne'er believe it! — there she shook The holy water from her heav'nly eyes; And, clamour-motion'd, then away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent. — It is the stars, The stars above us, govern our conditions: Else one self-mate* and mate could not beget Such different issues. Spoke you with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. As this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor distressed Lear's in town: Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers What we are come about; and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A sov'reign shame so bows him: his unkindness That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

* *self, for self-same, i. e. one mate the self-same with the other.*

to his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting him
so venomously, that burning shame detains him
from his Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany and Cornwall's pow'rs you heard
not?

Gent. 'Tis said they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear * cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while.
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A camp.*

Enter Cordelia, Physician and Soldiers.

Cor. " Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumitory, and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
Search ev'ry acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phys. There are means, Madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. " All blest'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's distress! -- Seek, seek for him;
Let his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, Madam:

* dear, for important.

The

The British pow'rs are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about: therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our age'd father's right.
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *Regan's palace.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado.

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ign'rance, Glo'ster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;

My Lady charge'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? might not
Transport her purposes by word? Belike [*you*]
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much—
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I'm sure of that: and, at her late being here,

She gave strange cellades, and most speaking looks
To Noble Edmund. I know you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't;
Therefore I do advise you, take this note.

My Lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So farewell.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I should
What party I do follow. [threw

Reg. Fare thee well. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *The country near Dover.*

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar as a peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea.

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be indeed.

Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place — stand still.

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach,

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C

"Appear

' Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
 ' Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 ' Almost too small for fight. The murmuring surge,
 ' That on th' unnumber'd idle * pebbles chafes,
 ' Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
 ' Lest my brain turn, and the deficient fight
 ' Topple down headlong.'

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
 Of th' extreme verge: for all below the moon
 Would I not leap outright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods
 Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well good Sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?
 'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. " O you mighty gods!

" This world I do renounce; and in your sights
 " Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 " If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 " To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 " My snuff and lothed part of nature should
 " Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
 Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
 By this had thought been past. — Alive or dead?
 Hoa, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! speak!
 Thus might he pass indeed — yet he revives.
 What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but Goss'mer, feathers,
 So many fathom down precipitating, [*air,*]
 Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
 Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art sound?

* idle, for barren, uncultivated.

Ten masts attach'd make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky borne!
Look up a-height, the shrill-gorge'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard; do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.

"Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
"To end itself by death? 'twas yet some comfort,
"When Misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
"And frustrate his proud will."

Edg. Give me your arm.

Up, so—how is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd*, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest† gods, who makes them honours
Of mens' impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend—he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lear, dress'd madly with flowers.

But who comes here?

The sober sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No; they cannot touch me for coining: I am
The King himself.

* i. e. twisted.

† clearest, for most righteous.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't—There's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, barb! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh.—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Gonerill! ha! Regan! They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say Ay and No to every thing that I said——Ay and No too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lye, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice † I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was the cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for Adultery? no; the wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly does lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive: for Glo'ster's bastard son was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To't, Luxury, pell-mell; for I lack foldiers. Behold yon simpering dame, whose face 'tween her forks presages snow; that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of Pleasure's name. The fitchew, nor the stalled horse, goes to't with a more riotous appetite. Down from the waste they are centaurs, tho' women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath it is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphureous pit, burning scalding, stench, consumption. Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah;

* *i. e.* the particular tone and manner of speaking. As the *air of a face* signifies the particular turn and spirit of the features.

give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination ! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! this great world shall so wear out to nought. Do'st thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough : do'st thou squint at me ? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report ; [*Aside.* It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes ?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me ? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ? your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light ; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad ? a man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear : change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? there thou might'st behold the great image of authority ; a dog's obey'd in office -----

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :

Why dost thou lash that whore ? strip thy own back ;

Thou hotly lustest to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. Th' usurer hangs the coz-

thro' tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear ; [*zener.*

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em ;

Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r

To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.

Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots : harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mix'd,
Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster*;
Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither ;
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee : mark—

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block !—
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horses with felt ; I'll put't in proof ;
And when I've stoln upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

SCENE VIII. *Enter a gentleman, with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him ; Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue ? what, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of Fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? all myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt ;
To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,
Like a smug bridegroom. What ? I will be jovial :
Come, come, I am a King. My masters, know you
that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You shall get it by running : sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast one daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you ; what's your will ?

Edg.

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir: that's all.

Gent. Tho' that the Queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [Exit.]

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of Heav'n
To boot, and boot!

S C E N E IX. *Enter Steward.*

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence,
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor
volk pass: and chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life,
'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out, che vor'ye,
or

or ice try whether your costard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns. [*Edgar knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body, [purse;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund Earl of Glo'ster: seek him out
Upon the English party: oh, untimely death!— [*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: rest you.
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he speaks of,
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see— [us not
Be your leave, gentle wax — and manners blame
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered You have many opportunities to cut him off. If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gail; from the lothed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wise, so I would say) affectionate servant,

GONERILL.

Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's will *!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here i' th' sands
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murth'rous lechers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

* Meaning, that the variations in it are so sudden, and their liking and loathing follow so quick upon each other, that there is no distinguishable space between them.

Glo.

Glo. The King is mad : how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows ! better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs ;
[*Drum afar off.*

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Changes to a chamber.*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness ? life will be too short,
And ev'ry measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid ;
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, shortens my laid intent ;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so,
My Lord. — How does the King ? [*To the Physician.*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods !
Cure this great breach in his abused nature ;
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.

Phys. Please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King ? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
Th' sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by servants.

Phys. Ay, Madam ; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Be

Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father ! Restauration, hang
“ Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dearest Princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ? To watch, poor Perdu !
With this thin helm ? My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, shou'd have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? alack, alack !
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded.—Ah ! he wakes ; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royal Lord ? how fares your
Majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave ;
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ;

Lear. You are a spirit, I know ; when did you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide ——

Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I been ? where am I ? fair day-light !
I'm mightily abus'd ; I should even die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say ;
I will not swear these are my hands : let's see,
I feel this pin prick : 'would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourſcore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man ;
 Yet I am doubtful : for I'm mainly ignorant
 What place this is ; and all the ſkill I have,
 Remembers not theſe garments ; nay, I know not
 Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me ;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And ſo I am ; I am—

Lear. Be your tears wet ? yes, 'faith ; I pray you, weep
 If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it. [not.
 I know you do not love me ; for your ſiſters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
 You have ſome cauſe, they have none.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phyf. Be comforted, good Madam ; the great rage,
 You ſee, is cur'd in him :—and yet 'twere danger
 To make him even o'er the time h'as loſt.
 Deſire him to go in ; trouble him no more.
 Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk ?

Lear. You muſt bear with me ;
 Pray you now, forget and forgive.
 I am old and fooliſh.

[*Excunt Lear, Cord. Phyf. and Attendants.*

Manent Kent and Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall
 was ſo ſlain !

Kent. Moſt certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people ?

Kent. As 'tis ſaid, the baſtard ſon of Glo'ſter.

Gent. They ſay, Edgar, his baniſh'd ſon, is with the
 Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look a-
 bout : the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. —
 Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit Gent.*
Kent.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit Kent.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A camp.

Enter Edmund, Regan, Gentleman, and Soldiers.

Edm. **K** Now of the Duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course? he's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet Lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you.
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her; dear, my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; she, and the Duke her husband—

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. — [Aside.]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Force'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land;
Not holds to th' King, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose. —

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils

Are not the question here.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' ancients of war
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go. [*Aside.*]

S C E N E II.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguis'd.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. ——— Speak.

[*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urge'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,

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H

Exasperates

Exasperates, makes mad her sister Gonerill;
 And hardly shall I carry out my side,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being done,
 Let her who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 They shall ne'er see his pardon: for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit]

S C E N E IV. *Another open field.*

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Glo'ster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good host; pray, that the right may thrive
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [Exit Edgar]

[*Alarum and retreat within.*]

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away.
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en;
 Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men must endure
 Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.
 Ripeness is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard,
 Until their greater pleasures first be known,
 That are to censure them.

Cor. We're not the first,
 Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:

F

For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;
 Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown.
 Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to prison;
 We too alone will sing, like birds i' th' cage.
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, "and tell old tales, and laugh
 "At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
 "Talk of court-news; and we'll talk with them too;
 "Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out:
 "And take upon's the mystery of things,
 "As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
 "In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 "That ebb and flow by th' moon."

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. "Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 "The gods themselves throw incense." Have I
 caught thee?

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heav'n,
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eye;
 The gowjeres shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see them starv'd first.
 Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark. [*Whispering.*]
 Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison.
 One step I have advance'd thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
 Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword; thy great employment
 Will not bear question. Either say thou it do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy when thou'st done.
 Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so
 As I have set it down. [*Exit Captain.*]

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to-day your valiant strain.

And Fortune led you well. You have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosoms on his side;
And turn our impress'd launces in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where we shall hold our session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness. —
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a sitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission* of my place and person;
The which immediacy† may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my right,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,

* commission, for authority.

† immediacy, for representation.

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My Lord and Master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good-will.

Edm. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[*To Edmund.* *They offer to go out.*

Alb. Stay: hear my reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is subcontracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude! ———

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Glo'ster; let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick ———

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange. What in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (whom not?), I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*

S C E N E VII.

Come hither, Herald, let the trumpet sound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.

Her. Again.

1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

2 trumpet.

3 trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers, within.*]

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' th' trumpet.

Her. Who are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of

Edm. Himself. What say'st thou to him? [*Gloster?*]

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine:—
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th' extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou No;
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou

Thou lyest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name ;
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say * of breeding breathes ;
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn :
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated ly o'erwhelm thy heart ;
To which (for they yet glance by, scarcely bruising)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarm. Fight. Edmund falls.*]

Gon. O, save him, save him ; this is practice, Glo'rler :
By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it ;
Thou worse than any thing, read thine own evil.
No tearing, Lady ; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do ; the laws are mine, not thine ;
Who can arraign me for't ?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know — [Exit *Gon.*]

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

S C E N E VIII.

Edm. What you have charge'd me with, that I have
done,

And more, much more ; the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity :

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou'lt wrong'd me.

My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.

" The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

" Make instruments to scourge us :

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

* 'say, for *essay*, some shew or probability.

Edm.

Edm. Thou'st spoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gate did prophesy [*To Edg.*
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee.——
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my Lord. List a brief tale,
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once), "taught me to shift
" Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance
" The very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
" Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
" Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,
" Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
" Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
" Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
" Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
" I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
" Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
" Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
" 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
" Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good; but speak you on.
You look as you had something more to say

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period. But such
As love to amplify another's sorrow,
Too much, would make much more, and top extremity.
" Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
" Who having seen me in my worser state,
" Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but now finding
" Who 'twas had so endur'd, with his strong arms
" He fasten'd on my neck; and bellow'd out,

" As

“ As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
 “ Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
 “ That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
 “ His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 “ Began to crack.”——Twice then the trumpets
 And there I left him traunce'd.—— [founded,

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir; the banish'd Kent, who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy King, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.

S C E N E IX. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. Help! help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes; it came even from the
 Of —— O! she's dead.—— [heart

Alb. Who's dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your Lady, Sir, your Lady; and her sister
 By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
 Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Gonerill and Regan's bodies brought out.*

This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
 Touches us not with pity.——O! is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment [To Kent.
 Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come

To bid my King and master aye good night.

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot! [delia?

Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cor-
 See'st thou this object, Kent? [Pointing to the dead bodies.

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was lov'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
 And after slew herself.

Alb.

Alb. Even so; cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life; some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send
(Be brief) into the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and Cordelia.
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run —

Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the office? Send
The token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on, take my sword,
Give it the Captain —

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The gods defend her! bear him hence a while.
[*Edmund is borne off.*]

S C E N E X.

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl.—O, you are men
of stone;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That heaven's vault should crack: she's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives; if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away —

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murth'rous traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. a! —
What is't thou say'st? her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent.

Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' th' best.——I'll tell you strait.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent.
Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'd strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man.—

Lear. I'll see that strait.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay*,
Have follow'd your sad steps——

Lear. You're welcome hither.

Kent. 'Twas no man else.—All's cheerless, dark, and
dead:

Your eldest daughters have foredone themselves,
And desp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Edmund is dead, my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle.

You Lords and noble friends, know our intent;

What comfort to this great decay† may come,

Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old Majesty,

To him our absolute power: to you, your rights,

[To Edgar.

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtues, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. O see, see——

* decay, for misfortunes.

† decay, for desolation.

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd; no, no, no life.
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never ———
 Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
 Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips,
 Look there, look there ——— [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints, my Lord!

Kent. Break, heart, I pr'ythee break!

Edg. Look up, my Lord!

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! He hates
 That would upon the rack of this rough world [him]
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:
 He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence: our present business
 Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
 Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;
 My master calls me, I must not say No. [*Dies.*]

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most; we that are young,
 Shall never see so much, live e'er so long.

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*]

TIMON

TIMON OF ATHENS *.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.	Titus,	} several ser- vants to u- surers.
Lucius, } two flattering	Lucius,	
Lucullus, } Lords.	Hortensius,	
Apemantus, a churlish phi- losopher.	Ididore,	
Sempronius, another flatter- ing Lord.	Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends.	
Alcibiades, an Athenian Ge- neral.	Cupid and Maskers.	
Flavius, Steward to Timon.	Phrynia, } mistress to Al- cibiades.	
Flaminius, } Timon's ser- vants.	Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mer- cer, and Merchant, with divers Servants and At- tendants.	
Lucilius, }		
Servilius, }		
Caphis, }		
Varro, }		
Philo, }		

SCENE, Athens; and the woods not far from it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A hall in Timon's house.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at several doors.*

Poet. **G**OOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how
goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,
Which manifold Record not matches? See,
(Magic of Bounty!), all these spirits thy power

* The hint of part of this play is taken from Lucian's dialogue of
Timon.

Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue goodnes.

He passes —

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't:
For the Lord Timon, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but for that—

Poet. *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse*

Which aptly sings the good. [Repeating to himself.]

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking on the jewel.]

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedi-
To the great Lord. [cation]

Poet. A thing slip't idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourish'd. The fire i' th' flint
Shews not, till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes itself,— and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there:

Pain. A picture, Sir. — When comes your book
forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis.

This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indiff'rent.

Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch — is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,

It tutors nature; artificial strife *
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

* *False*, for *action* or *motion*.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed !

Poet. The Senators of Athens ! happy man !

Pain. Look more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of vi-
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man, [sifters.
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug-
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particular, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax * : no leaven'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
“ But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
“ Leaving no track behind.”

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,-
As well of glib and flipp'ry natures, as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their service to Lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-face'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself † ; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o' th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate ‡ their states ; amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

* Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron style.

† i. e. to quarrel with himself.

‡ to propagate, for to make.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' scope.
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition *.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependents
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands) let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.
A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To shew Lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

S C E N E II.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*]

Mess. Ay, my good Lord; five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most straight:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! well——
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have; I'll pay the debt, and free him.

* condition, for art.

Mess.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And, being infranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your Honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so. What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius!*——

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy crea-
By night frequents my house. I am a man [ture,
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. y, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old. Ath. Three talents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old. Ath. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: never may
That state of fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not own'd to you.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and old Athenian*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
Lordship!

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it. Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman, give me your hand.
We must needs dine together: Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my Lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations:
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know
Things of like value, differing in the owners,

Are by their masters priz'd ; believe't, dear Lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he speaks the common
Which all men speak with him. [tongue,

Tim. Look, who comes here.

S C E N E III. *Enter Apemantus.*

Will you be chid ?

Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow. †.

* * * * *

Apem. When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st
them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians ?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'l't die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus ?

Apem. The better for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it ?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter ;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

† The first line of Apemantus's answer is to the purpose ; the second absurd and nonsensical ; which proceeds from the loss of a speech dropt from between them, that should be thus restored.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.

[Poet. When wilt thou be ?]

Apem. When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest

Apem.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation. What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou should'st, thoud'st anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking—How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philosopher?

Apem. Thou lyest.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lyest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy o' thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns that I were a lord?

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Ev'n as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord.—Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a messenger.

Tim. What Trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,

All

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us;
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*]

Apem. So, so! Aches contract and starve your sup-
ple joints! that there should be small love amongst these
sweet knaves, and all this courtesy! the strain of man's
bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
Ere we do part, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you let us in. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

Lucul. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why Apemantus?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thyself, for
I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make
thy requests to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or—I'll spurn
thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' ass.

[*Exit Apem.*]

Luc. He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste Lord Timon's bounty?
He sure outgoes the very heart of kindness.

Lucul. He pours it out, Plutus, the god of gold;

Is

Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another apartment in Timon's house.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in;
and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius,
and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then
comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not.

Apem. Dare to imitate them: faults that are rich,
are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness †, sorry ere 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [They sit down.]

Luc. We always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome. I
come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

* goodness, for beneficence.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churl; ye have got a humour
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame: [there
They say, my Lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yonder man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thy peril, Timon; I come to
observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th' art an Athenian,
therefore welcome; I myself would have no power—
pr'ythee let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me 'fore I
should e'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number
of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me
to see

So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And, all the madness is, he cheers them up to't.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men!
Methinks they should invite them without knives:
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd.
Were I a great man, I should fear to drink,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipes dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My Lord, in heart, and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps
his tides well; those healths will make thee and thy
state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak
to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'
th' mire.

This and my food are equal, there's no odds;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's grace.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself;*

Grant

*Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.
Amen, Amen; so fall to't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain, Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then, that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em !

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you gods, (think I), what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em ? they would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you : we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made a joy ere it can be born ; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st but to make them drink thee,
Timon.

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd me

Apem. Much ! [much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump ? how now ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you, my Lord, there are certain ladies
most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ? what are their wills ?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my
Lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Cupid with a mask of ladies, as Amazons.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste ! the five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom :
Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise,
These only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all ; let 'em have kind ad-
Let music make their welcome. [mittance.

Luc. You see, my Lord, how amply you're blov'd.

Apem. Hoyday ! what a sweep of vanity comes this
They dance, they are mad women. [way!

Like madness is the glory of this life† ;

* * * * *

† It appears that some lines are dropt out and lost from between the third and fourth verses. I conjecture the sense of the whole might be this, *The glory of human life is like the madness of this mask : it is a false aim at happiness ; which is to be obtained only by sobriety and temperance in a private and retired life. But superficial judges will always prefer pomp and glory ; because in outward appearance it has so greatly the advantage : as great as this pompous supper appears to have above my oil and root.*

As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age ‡ we void it up again,
 With pois'nous spight and envy——
 Who lives that's not depraved or depraves ?
 Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
 Of their friends' gift ?——
 I should fear, those that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me : 't has been done ;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon, each singling out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a listy strain or two to the haughty boys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, [ladies]
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind :
 You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device.
 I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would
 not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies. there is an idle banquet attends you.
 Please you to dispose yourselves.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord. [Exeunt]

Tim. Flavius——

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet? there is
 no crossing him in's humour,

Else I should tell him—well—i' faith, I should,
 When all's spent, he'd be cross then if he could.

'Tis pity Bounty has not eyes behind,
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [Exit]

Lucul. Where be our men?

Ser. Here, my Lord, in readiness.

Luc. Our hories.

Tim. O my good friends !

but age, for decay of fortune, poverty.

I have one word to say to you ; look, my Lord,
I must intreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel, accept and wear it,
Kind my Lord !

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts——

All. So are we all. [*Exe. Lucius, Lucullus, &c.*]

SCENE VII. *Enter a servant.*

Ser. My Lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beseech your honour vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

Tim. Me near ? why then another time I'll hear thee. I pr'ythee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Ser. May it please your Honour, Lord Lucius, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk white horses trap in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now ? what news ?

3 Ser. Please you, my Lord, that Honourable Gentleman, Lord Lucullus, intreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him, and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to ? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer. Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good ; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes for ev'ry He is so kind that he pays interest for't : [word :
His

His lands put to their books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of office, ere I were fore'd :
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

[Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too
much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle
of our love.

1 Lord. With more than common thanks I will re-
ceive it.

3 Lord. He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave
good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on.
'Tis your's, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord,
in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know
no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I
weigh my friend's affection with my own; I tell you
true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give
My thanks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a foldier, therefore seldom rich,
I'll come in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. I defy land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound —

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd —

Tim. All to you, Lights! more lights, more lights

3 Lord. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes
Keep with you, Lord Timon —

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt Lords.

S C E N E VIII.

Apem. What's a coil's here,
Serring of becks and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the fums

That

That are giv'n for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;
Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'fies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,
Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in pro-
per shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and
vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I
am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and
come with better music. [Exit.

Apem. So—thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt
I'll lock thy heaven from thee: [not then.
Oh, that mens' ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A public place in the city.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. **A**ND late, five thousand: to Varro and to
Isidore

He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? it cannot hold, it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horse to Timon.
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by it. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
 Importune him for monies; be not ceas'd [Timon;
 With slight denial; nor then silence'd with
 " *Command me to your master*—and the cap
 Play'ng in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliance on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tofs'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand: for I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Who flashes now a phoenix.—Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir,

Sen. I go, Sir?—Take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to Timon's hall.*

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Fla. No care, no stop? so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot? takes no account
 How things go from him, and resumes no care
 Of what is to continue: never mind
 Was, to be so unwise, to be so kind *
 What shall be done?—he will not hear, till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie.

* Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed; and all for
 the sake of a wretched rhyme. To make it fence and grammar, it
 should be supplied thus,

— never mind

Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.

i. e. Nature in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed
 any man with so large a share of folly.

Enter

Enter Caphis, Ifidore, and Varro †.

Cap. Good evening, Varro; what, you come for

Var. Is't not your business too? [money?

Cap. It is; and your's too, Ifidore?

Ifid. It is so.

Cap. 'Would we were all discharge'd!

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon and his train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.— Well, what's your will!

[*They present their bills.*

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days, this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prythee, but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good Lord—

Ifid. From Ifidore, he prays your speedy payment---

Cap. If you did know, my Lord, my master's wants---

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six weeks,
and past. ---

Ifid. Your steward puts me off, my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath. ---

I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on,

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I'll wait upon you instantly --- Come hither:
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred

* The two last are but servants to *Ifidore* and *Varro*, here called by their masters names, as is usual among servants with one another

With

With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business;
Your importunity cease till after dinner;
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends; see them well entertain'd.
[Exit Timon.]

Flav. Pray, draw near. [Exit Flavius.]

SCENE III. Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus, let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, Fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. Come away.

Isid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single.

Cap. Thou art not on him yet.

Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues' and
usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not
know yourselves. Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens
as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth*.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

* A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose from the dissoluteness
of that ancient Greek city.

Enter

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress's page.

Page. Why how now, Captain? what do you in this wife company? how dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can't not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Ev'n so thou outrunn'st grace.

Fool. I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home——

You three serve three usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I——as good a trick as ever hang-man serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good cloaths, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometimes it appears like a lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes

goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apematus.

All. Aside, aside. Here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus, and Fool.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me? That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means.

Flav. You would not hear me;
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to.

Perchance some single 'vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back:
And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good Lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone:

And

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues ; the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim, and at length
Hold good our reck'ning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good Lord, the world is but a word ;
Were it all your's, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
' When all our offices have been oppress'd
' With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
' With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
' Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
' I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock *,
' And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

Flav. Heav'ns ! have I said, the bounty of this Lord !
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted ! who now is not Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
Timon's ?

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's ?
Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
Feast-won, fast-lost : one cloud of winter show'rs,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep ? canst thou the conscience † lack,
To think I shall lack friends ? secure thy heart ;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the arguments ‡ of hearts by borrowing,
Men and mens' fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

* i. e. a cockloft, a garret. And a wasteful cock, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

† conscience, for faith.

‡ a gumen's, for natures.

Flav. Assurance blefs your thoughts !

Tim. And in fome fort thefe wants of mine are crown'd.
That I account them bleffings ; for by thefe
Shall I try friends. You fhall perceive how you
Miftake my fortunes : in my friends I'm wealthy.
Within there, ho ! Flaminius. Servilius !

S C E N E V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will difpatch you fev'rally.

You to Lord Lucius—to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted
with his honour to-day—you to Sempronius—com-
mend me to their loves ; and I am proud, fay, that my
occasions have found time to ufe 'em toward a fupply
of money ; let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have faid, my Lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lucullus ? hum——

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators ; [*To Flav.*]
Of whom, ev'n to the ftate's beft health, I have
Deferv'd this hearing ; bid 'em fend o' th' instant
A thoufand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the moft gen'ral * way)
To them to ufe your fignet and your name ;
But they do fhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. ' They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
' That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
' Do what they would ; are forry —— You are ho-
nourable ——

' But yet they could have wifh'd—they know not—
' Something hath been amifs—a noble nature
' May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
' And fo intending other ferious matters,
' After diftateful looks, and thefe hard fractions,
' With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
' They froze me into filence.

Tim. You gods, reward them !
I prythee, man, look cheerly. “ Thefe old fellows

* gen'ral for *speedy*.

" Have their ingratitude in them hereditary *.
 " Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
 " 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
 " And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
 " Is fashon'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
 Go to Ventidius—pr'ythee be not sad,
 Thou'rt true and just; ingenuously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee: Ventidius lately
 Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
 Into a great estate; when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
 Bid him suppose some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think,
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Stew. 'Would I could not: that thought is Bounty's
 foe;
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Lucullus's house in Athens.

Flaminius waiting; enter a Servant to him.

Ser. I Have told my Lord of you; he is coming
 down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. One of Lord Timon's men; a gift, I warrant—Why, this hits right: I dream'd of a silver basin and ewre to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

* *hereditary*, for *by natural constitution*. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which, in my Lord's behalf, I come to intreat your Honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. I a, la, la, la. — Nothing doubting, says he? Alas, good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant, with wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee — Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius; thy Lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, (although thou comest to me), that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald
Let molten coin be thy damnation, [thee:
Thou

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
 It turns in less than two nights ? O you gods !
 I feel my master's passion. This slave
 Unto this hour has my Lord's meat in him :
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison ?
 O ! may diseases only work upon't :
 And when he's sick to death, let not that part
 Of nurture my Lord paid for, be of power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour ! [Exit.

S C E N E II. *A public street.*

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon ? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, tho' we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no ; do not believe it : he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urge'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How ?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that ? Now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man ? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his ; yet, had he mislooked him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my Lord ; I have sweat to see his Honour. — My honour'd Lord —

[To Lucius.

L. 2

Luc.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endeared to that Lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. H'as only sent his present occasion now, my Lord; requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use with fifty talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me. He cannot want fifty times five hundred talents.

Ser. But, in the mean time, he wants less, my Lord. If his occasion were not virtuous *, I should not urge it half so faithfully †.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn myself honourable? How unluckily it happ'ned, that I should purchase the day before a little dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do—(the more beast I, say)—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship; and I hope his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

[Exit Servilius.]

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, Servilius.—True, as you said, Timon is thrunk, indeed; And he that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [Exit.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's foul.

* virtuous, for strong, forcible, pressing.

† faithfully, for fervently.

Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit.
 Who can call him his friend,
 That dips in the same dish: for, in my knowing,
 Timon has been to this Lord as a father,
 And kept his credit with his bounteous purse;
 Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
 "And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,
 "When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
 He does deny him (in respect of his *)
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
 I never tasted Timon in my life;
 Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
 To mark me for his friend. Yet I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into partition,
 And the best half should have attorn'd to him,
 So much I love his heart; but I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
 For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.*

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all o-
 thers? —

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these three
 Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Oh, my Lord,
 They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal;
 For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?
 Ventidius and Lucullus both deny'd him?
 And does he send to me three! hum —
 It shews but little love or judgement in him.
 Must I be his last refuge? his friends, like physicians,

* i. e. considering Timon's claim for what he asks.

L 3

Try'd,

Try'd, give him over; must I take the cure
 On me? H'as much disgrace'd me in't; I'm angry.
 He might have known my place; I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have wooed me first:
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er received gift from him.
 And does he think so backwardly of me,
 That I'll requite it last? no:
 So it may prove an argument of laughter
 To th' rest, and 'mongst Lords I be thought a fool.
 I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:
 I'd such a courage to have done him good.
 But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join:
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*
Ser. Excellent! your Lordship's a goodly villain.
 The devil knew not what he did, when he made man
 politic; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think,
 but in the end the policy of man will set him clear*.
 How fairly this Lord strives to appear foul? takes
 virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that under
 hot, ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of
 such a nature is his politic love.
 This was my Lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead;
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[*Exit.*SCENE IV. *Changes to Timon's hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

* *Set him clear* does not mean to acquit him before heaven; for then the devil must be supposed to know what he did; but it signifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons.

Hor.

Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think one business does command us all:

For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philo.

Luc. And, Sir Philo's too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my Lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.

You must consider that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear.

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet

Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t'observe a strange event.

Your Lord sends now for money.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. Against my heart.

Luc. How strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes!

And e'en as if your Lord should wear rich jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness.
I know my Lord hath spent of Timon's wealth:

Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's
your's?

Luc. Five thousand.

Var. 'Tis much too deep; and it should seem, by th'
Your master's confidence * was above mine, [sum,
Else surely his had equall'd.

* Play on the word confidence.

Enter

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord Ready to come forth.

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship; pray signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir——

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my Lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up,
Let me pass quietly.

Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves [Exit.

Var. How! what does his cashier'd Worship mutter?

Tit. No matter, what—he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's Servilius; now we shall have some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, Gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it of my soul,

My

My Lord leans wondrously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Flam. [*within.*] Servilius, help — my Lord, my Lord!

SCENE V. *Enter Timon in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my pass-
Have I been ever free, and mult my house [*sage?*]
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Cap. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em---cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Alas! my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What's your's— and your's?

Var. My Lord ———

Cap. My Lord ———

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the gods fall on
you. [*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their
caps at their money. These debts may be well call'd
desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors! ——— devils.

Flav. My dear Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so? —

Flav. My dear Lord.

Tim. I'll have it so — My steward!

Flav. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly! — Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All. —
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my Lord:

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There's not so much left as to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care.

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the senate-house.*

Senators and Alcibiades.

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's
'Tis necessary he should die. [bloody;
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alc. Health, honour and compassion, to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, Captain.

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues:
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting this fault aside,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted * passion
He did behave † his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, " set quarrelling
" Upon the head of valour : which, indeed,
" Is valour misbegot, and came into the world,
" When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outside wear ; hang like his raiment, carelessly :
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill ?

Alc. My Lord, ———

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My Lords then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threat'nings, sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy ? But if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad ? Why then, sure women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
The ass, more than the lion ; and the fellow
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge ;
If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh, my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good :
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremeest gust ‡,
But, in defence, — by mercy §, 'tis made just.
To be in anger is impiety :

* unnoted, for common, bounded.

† behave, for curb, manage.

‡ gust, for aggravation.

§ By mercy is meant equity.

But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? His service done

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. I say, my Lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in battle many of your enemies.

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a swoln rioter; he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes Valour prisoner.
Were there no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions *. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none), yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more.
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be.

My Lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What! —————

Alc. I cannot think but your age hath forgot me;

* factions, for tumults.

It could not ~~else~~ be, I should prove so base †
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me !
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That make the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days shine, Athens contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgement.
And (now to swell your spirit)
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt.*

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself
Rich only in large hurts. — All those for this ?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captain's wounds ? Ha ! banishment ?
It comes not ill : I hate not to be banish'd ;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds :
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Timon's house.*

Enter divers Senators at several doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you. I think this Honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so ; he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to

* *base, for dishonour'd.*

put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Ev'ry man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, Gentlemen both—and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 *Sen.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.]

2 *Sen.* Most honourable Lord, I'm e'en sick of shame, that when your Lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had sent but two hours before---

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd dishes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man still.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will, and so——

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves prais'd; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—The rest of your foes, O gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my friends---as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm wa-
Is your perfection†. This is Timon's last; [ter
Who stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes them off, and sprinkles in your faces

* perfection, for exact or perfect likeness.

Your reeking villany. Live loth'd, and long,
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute jacks;
 Of man and beast the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er.—What, dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy physic first---thou too---and thou---

[Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
 What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity!

[Exit]

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury!

3 *Sen.* Psha! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

• **L**ET me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
 • That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
 • And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 • Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools

• Pluck

' Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 ' And minister in their steads: to general filth
 ' Convert o' th' instant, green virginity!
 ' Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
 ' Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 ' And cut your trusters' throats. Bound servants, steal;
 ' Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 ' And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
 ' Thy mistress is o' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 ' Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 ' And with it beat his brains out! Fear and piety,
 ' Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 ' Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 ' Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 ' Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 ' Decline to your confounding contraries!
 ' And yet confusion live!--Plagues, incident to men,
 ' Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 ' On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold Sciatica,
 ' Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt
 ' As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
 ' Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 ' That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 ' And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 ' Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
 ' Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
 ' That their society (as their friendship) may
 ' Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 ' But nakedness, thou town detestable!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns;
 Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all)
 Th' Athenians both within and out that wall;
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low! [Exit.

SCENE II. *Changes to Timon's house.*

Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.

1 Ser. Hear you, good master steward, where's our
 Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining? [master?

M 3

Flav.

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?

2 *Ser.* ' As we do turn our backs
' From our companion thrown into his grave,
' So his familiars from his buried fortunes
' Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
' Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self.
' A dedicated beggar to the air,
' With his defeat of all-shunn'd poverty,
' Walks like contempt, alone.---More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

3 *Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we poor mates stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the furies threat. We must all part
Into the sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Where-ever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; shake our heads, and say,
(As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes),
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*[He gives them money; they embrace, and
part several ways.]*

" Oh, the first wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends!
Poor honest Lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone

Undone by goodness: strange unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest Lord, bless'd to be most accurs'd,
 Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it:
 I'll follow, and inquire him out.
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

S C E N E III. *The woods.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. "O blessing-breeding fun, draw from the earth
 " Rotten humidity: below thy sister's orb
 " Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 " Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 " Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes,
 " The greater scorns the lesser. Not ev'n nature,
 " To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
 " But by contempt of nature.
 " Raise me this beggar, and denude that Lord,
 " The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 " The beggar native honour:
 " It is the pasture lards the wedder's fides,
 " The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
 " In purity of manhood stand upright, [dares,
 " And say this man's a flatterer? If one be,
 " So are they all; for every greeze of fortune
 " Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate
 " Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
 " There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 " But direct villany." Then be abhorr'd;
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea himself, Timon disdains.—
 Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
 [Digging the earth.
 " Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 " With

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,

“ With man’s blood paint the ground ; gules, gules ;—

“ Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;

“ Then what should war be ? this fell whore of thine

“ Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

“ For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou
art a man : if thou dost perform, confound thee, for
thou art a man !

Alc. I’ve heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw’st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th’ Athenian minion, whom the world
Voice’d so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still : they love thee not that use
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust : [thee :
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek’d youth
To th’ tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown’d and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I hear’d and griev’d,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour-states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim.

Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I'd rather be alone. [ble?]

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all then in thy conquest,

And, after, thee, when thou hast conquered!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
' Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
' Will o'er some high-vice'd city hang his poison
' In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one,
' Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
' He is an usurer. Strike me the matron,
' It is her habit only that is honest,
' Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-lawn bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools extort their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounce'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy foldiers.
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse up-
on thee!

Both.

Both. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whole a bawd. Hold up, you fluts,
Your aprons mountant; you're not oathable,
Although I know you'll swear; terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heav'nly agues,
Th'immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths;
I'll trust to your conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your close fire predominate his smoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains six months
Be quite contrary. Make false hair, and thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd, no matter:—)
Wear them, betray with them; and whore on still:
Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold—what then?
Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
And mar mens' spurring. "Crack the lawyer's voice,
"That he may never more false title plead,
"Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the flamen,
"That scolds against the quality of flesh,
"And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
"Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
"Of him, that, his particular to forefend,
"Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald,
"And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
"Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counsel with more money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I've given
you earnest.

Alc.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rd Athens; farewell,
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. [*Timon:*

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt Alcibiad. Phryn. and Timand.*]

SCENE V.

Tim. ' That nature, being sick of man's unkindness
' Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
' Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
' Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same
mettle
' (Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd)
' Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
' The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;
' With all th' abhorred births below cript heav'n,
' Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine;
' Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,
' From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
' Enfear thy fertile and conception womb;
' Let it no more bring out to ingrateful man.
' Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
' Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward-face *
" Hath to the marbled mansion all above
' Never presented—O, a root—dear thanks!
' Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plough-torn leas,
' Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts
' And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,
' That from it all consideration slips. ———

SCENE VI.

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague! plague! ———

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

* *upward-face, for surfece.*

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate ; consumption catch thee !

Apem. " This is in thee a nature but affected,
" A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
" From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?
" This slave-like habit, and these looks of care ?
" Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;
" Hug their diseas'd † perfumes, and have forgot
" That ever Timon was. Shame not these weeds,
" By putting on the cunning of a carper.
" Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
" By that which has undone thee ; hinge thy knee,
" And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe,
" Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
" And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus :
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers : 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal : hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'lt cast away thyself, being like thyself,
So long a madman, now a fool. What, think'st thou,
' That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
' Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd trees,
' That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
' And skip when thou point'st out ? will the cold brook,
' Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning-taste
' To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,
' Whose naked natures live in all the spight
' Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhouised trunks,
' To the conflicting elements expos'd,
' Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
' Oh ! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee ; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatt'rest misery.

Apem. I flatter not ; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

† *diseas'd*, for *causing diseases*.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Do'st please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What a knave thou!

Apem. "If thou didst put this four cold habit on
"To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
"Dost it inforcedly: thou'dst courtier be,
"Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outstrips uncertain pomp; is crown'd before it:
The one is filling still, never compleat;
The other, at high wish: best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being;
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
"Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
"With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog*.
"Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
"Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
"To such as may the passive drugs of it
"Freely command; thou wouldst have plunge'd thyself
"In general riot, melted down thy youth
"In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
"The icy precepts of respect, but followed
"The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
"Who had the world as my confectinary,
"The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
"At duty, more than I could frame employments;
"That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
"Do on the oak; yet with one winter's brush
"Fall'n from their boughs, have left me open, bare
"For every storm that blows; I to bear this,
"That never knew but better, is some burthen.
"Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time
"Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate
men?
"They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
"If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
"Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff
"To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
"Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——

* Alluding to the word *cynic*, of which sect Apemantus was.

If thou hadst not been born the worst * of men,
Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone——
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it †. *[Eating a root.]*

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat, or rather
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my

Apem. Where would'st thou send it? *[mind.]*

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy
gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much
curiosity ‡; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art de-
spis'd for the contrary ||. What things in the world
canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim.

* worst, for lowest.

† Thus would I eat it.

Apem. Here, I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

if not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst, &c.

‡ i. e. for too much finical delicacy.

|| ——the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I have I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men, are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. 'A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert a lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would fust thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou'dst live but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn*, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast; and what a beast art thou already, and see'st not thy loss in transformation!'

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Apem. An' th' hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things, &c.

* The account given of the unicorn is this: That he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn, he betakes himself to a tree. The unicorn, in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Gesner hist. animal.*

Tim.

Tim. How has the afs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apematus.

Apem. Thou art the cap * of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive.

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apem. retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But ev'n the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph;

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

' O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

' 'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler

' Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars?

' Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

' Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,

* i. e. the property, the bauble.

' That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible God,
 ' That souldrest close impossibilities,
 ' And mak'st them kifs ! that speak'st with ev'ry tongue,
 ' To every purpose ! oh, thou touch of hearts !
 ' Think thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
 ' Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 ' May have the world in empire.'

Apem. 'Would 'twere so,
 But not till I am dead ! I ll say thou hast gold.
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee. — —

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die ! I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men—Eat, Timon, and ab-
 hor them.

[Exit Apem.]

SCENE VII. *Enter Thieves.*

1 Thief Where should he have this gold ! It is some
 poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder : the
 mere want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove
 him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him ; if he care
 not for't, he will supply us easily : if he covetously re-
 serve it, how shall's get it ?

2 Thief. True ; for he bears it not about him ; 'tis
 hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he ?

All. Where ?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He ; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers ; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do
 want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

" Why should you want : behold, the earth hath roots ;

" Within this mile break forth an hundred springs ;

" The

" The oaks bear masts, the briars scarlet hips :
 " The bounteous huswife Nature on each bush
 " Lays her full mess before you ? Want ? why want ?"

1 *Thief*. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
 You must eat men. " Yet thanks I must you con,
 " That you are thieves profess'd : that you work not
 " In holier shapes ; for there is boundless theft
 " In limited † professions. Rascals, thieves,
 " Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' th' grape,
 " Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
 " And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician ;
 " His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 " More than you rob, takes wealth and life together.
 " Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
 " Like workmen ; I'll example you with thievery.
 " The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 " Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
 " And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
 " The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 " The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
 " That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln
 " From gen'ral excrements : each thing a thief.
 " The laws, you curb and whip, in their rough power
 " Have uncheck'd theft." Love not yourselves, away,
 Rob one another, there's more gold ; cut throats ;
 All that you meet, are thieves : To Athens go,
 Break open shops, for nothing can you steal
 But thieves do lose it : steal not less for what
 I give, and gold confound you howsoever ! Amen.

[*Exit*.

3 *Thief*. H'as almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy ; and give over my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens.

2 *Thief*. There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt*.

* limited, for legal.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The woods, and Timon's cave.**Enter Flavius.*

Flav. O H, you Gods !
 Is yon dispis'd and ruinous man my Lord!
 Full of decay and failing ? oh, monument
 And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd !
 What change of humour desp'rate want has made ?
 What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends ?
 How rarely * does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was will'd to love his enemies ?
 Grant I may ever love, and rather too,
 Those that would mischief me, than those that woo !
 H'as caught me in his eye, I will present
 My honest grief to him ; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life. My dearest master !

*Timon comes forward from his cave.**Tim.* Away ! what art thou ?*Flav.* Have you forgot me, Sir ?

Tim. Why dost thou ask that ? I have forgot all men.
 Then, if thou grantest that thou art a man,
 I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest servant,*Tim.* Then I know thee not.

I ne'er had honest man about me, all
 I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ? come nearer, then I
 Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st [love thee,
 Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give
 But or through lust or laughter. †

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
 T'accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
 To entertain me as your steward still.

* rarely, for fit ; not for seldom.

† ——— or laughter. Pity's sleeping ;
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping !

Flav. I beg of you, &c.*Tim.*

Tim. Had I a steward
 So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
 It almost turns my dangerous nature † mild.
 Let me behold thy face: surely, this man
 Was born of woman.
 "Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
 "Perpetual, sober gods! I do proclaim
 "One honest man: mistake me not, but one.
 "No more, I pray; and he's a steward.
 "How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 "And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
 "I fell with curses.
 "Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise;
 "For by oppressing and betraying me,
 "Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
 "For many so arrive at second masters,
 "Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
 "(For I must ever doubt, tho' ne'er so sure),
 "Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 "A usuring kindness, as rich mean deal gifts;
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are place'd too late),
 You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;
 Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
 That which I shew, heav'n knows is merely love,
 Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
 For any benefit that points to me
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so; thou singly honest man,
 Here, take; the gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy:
 But thus condition'd; thou shalt build from men;
 Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em.
 Debts wither 'em; be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

† By dangerous nature, is meant wildness.

And

And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,

Stay not, but fly, whilst thou are blest'd and free;

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Enter Poet and Painter.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it: Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a trial of his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his. It will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. "Promising is the very air
"o' th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Per-
"formance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in
"the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is
"quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly and
"fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testa-
"ment, which argues a great sickness in his judgment
"that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman; thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet.

Poet. "I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating * of himself; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency."

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do so, I have gold for thee.

Pain. Nay, let's seek him.

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Poet. True.

Pain. While the day serves, before black-cornette night,

Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn — —
What a god's gold, that he is worshipped
In baser temples, than where swine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave;
To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures, (oh abhorred spirits!)
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough —
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,

* personating, for representing, simply.

And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men; you've heard that I have
gold;

I'm sure you have; speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my Noble Lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens; thou'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. Ev'n so, Sir, as I say—And for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.

But for all this, my honest natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault;
Marry, not monstrous in you; neither with I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, and feed him,
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; ---- but two in company * ----

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near *him*. ---- If *thou* would'st not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.

Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves;
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating, and driving'em out.*

SCENE III. *Enter Flavius and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon:
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave.

It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here. Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians
By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee;
Speak to them, Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! ----
Speak, and be hang'd;
For each true word a blister, and each false
Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,

* This is an imperfect sentence; and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company split all.*

Consuming it with speaking !

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,——

Tim.---Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
Could I but catch it for them. [plague,

1 *Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves, in thee :

The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess

Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
And now the public body, (which doth seldom
Play the recanter), feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And sends forth us to make their sorrowed tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,

Surprize me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship : thou shalt be met with thanks,
Hallow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority : soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,
Who, like a bear too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon——

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir; thus—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That Timon cares not. If he sacks fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then let him know,---and tell him, Timon speaks it;
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot chuse but tell him, that I care not.
 And let him take't at worst; for their knaves care not,
 While you have throats to answer. For myself,
 There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
 But I do prize it in my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosp'rous * gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
 Of health and living now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague; you his;
 And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 Sen. These words become your lips, as they pass
 thro' them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
 And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes,
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
 Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent
 Wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

* *prosp'rous*, for *happy*. The classical epithet of the gods.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I feel it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the frequency of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte;
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the ax;
And hang himſelf.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Vex him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a-day with his imboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be menſ' works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit Timon.*]

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are unremoveably coupled
to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Changes to the walls of Athens.*

Enter two other Senators, with a meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as they report?

Meſſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.

2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Meſſ. I met a courier, once mine ancient friend;
And though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported

His

His fellowship i' th' cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.---
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare *. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets found. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice. Till now myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself, No more : now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And purify Insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy best griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,

* ———our foes the snare.

Enter a Soldier in the woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place
Who's nere? speak, ho.—No answer?—What is this?—
Timon is dead, who bath our stretch'd his span;
Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain bath in ev'ry figure skill,
An age'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[*Exit.*

SCENE E, &c.

To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their * quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message, and by promis'd mends :
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.*

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they such,
That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out :
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, Noble Lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread ;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature lothes, take thou the destin'd tenth : †

1 Sen. All have not offended :
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenge : crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage ;
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended ; like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th'infected forth ;
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shall inforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope :
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,

* their refers o'rage.

† ——— take thou the destin'd tenth :

And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let die the spotted

1 Sen. All have, &c.

Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion: all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds;
But shall be remedied by public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble General, Timon is dead,
Intomb'd upon the very hem o' th' sea;
And on the grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon, who all living men did hate;
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'd our brine's flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for ay
On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose memory
Hereafter more ——— Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword;
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make
Prescribe to other, as each other's leach. [each
Let our drums strike. ———

[*Exeunt.*
TITUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.*

Marcus.

Quintus, } *sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Lucius, }

Mutius,

Young Lucius, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

Publius, *son to Marcus the Tribune, and nephew to Titus Andronicus.*

Sempronius.

Alarbus,

Chiron,

Demetrius,

Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

Captain, *from Titus's camp.*

Emilius, *a messenger.*

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Nurse, *with a Black-a-moor child.*

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Rome, and the country near it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate.

Enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door; and Bassianus and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. **N**oble Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords,
I am the first-born son of him that last
Wore the imperial diadem of Rome:

Then

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baf. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, [right,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed *Pius*.
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city-walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barb'rous Goths;
That with his sons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.—
And now at last laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sal. How fair the Tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Baf.

Baf. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy.
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine;
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament;
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all; [right,
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
 Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kind to thee.
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Baf. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the senate-house.*]

SCENE II. *Enter a Captain.*

Capt. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
 Patron of Virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honour and with fortune is return'd,
 From whence he circumscribed with his sword,
 And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and
 Marcus; after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd
 with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them,
 Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of
 Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aa-
 ron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attend-
 ants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in my mourning-weeds!
 Lo, as the bark, that hath discharge'd her freight,
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage;
 Cometh Andronicus with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thou

Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead !
These that survive let Rome reward with love ;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword :
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars.
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones :
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives :
The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke ?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O ! if to fight for King and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?

Draw

Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, Madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice;

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
T' appease their groning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.
And with our swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius,
with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus, go to rest! and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning looks.
Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant * in her tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was Queen),
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd;
And intrails feed the sacrificing fire;
Whose smoak, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaining nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

* Polymnestor, whose eyes were pulled out, and sons murdered by Hecuba, in revenge for his having treacherously slain her son Polydore.
Eurip. in Her.

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps.
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells ;
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
No noise : but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

S C E N E II. *Enter Lavinia.*

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and father, live in fame !
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies :
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly preserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart !
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
In Fame's eternal date for Virtue's praise !

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :
Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness ;
And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue ;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased Emperor's sons.
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on ;
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chose with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome. I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully;
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country.
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to controul the world.
 Upright he held it, Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell—

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus. ———

Sat. Romans do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not,
 Till Saturninus be Rome's Emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee. ———

Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die:
 My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
 Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble Tribunes here,
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
 That you create your Emperor's eldest son
 Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
 Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
 And ripen justice in this common-weal.
 Then, if you will elect by my advice,
 Crown him, and say,——Long live our Emperor!

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
 Patricians and plebeians, we create
 Lord Saturninus Rome's great Emperor;

And

And say,—Long live our Emperor Saturnine!

[A long flourish; till they come down.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:

And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in sight of Rome, to Saturninus,
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's Imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, Noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor;
To him, that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue [*To Tamora.*]
That I would chuse, were I to chuse anew.
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia; Romans, let us go.

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free ;
Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*]

Tit. How, Sir ? are you in earnest then, my Lord ?

Bas. Ay, Noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will and shall if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! where is the Emperor's guard ?
Treason, my Lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

S C E N E IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My Lord, you pass not here. —

Tit. What ! villain-boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [He kills him.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

Luc. My Lord, you are unjust, and more than so ;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou nor he are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me,
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no, the Emperor needs her not ;
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock ;
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once :
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!

Sat. But go thy ways: go, give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome;
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I chuse thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empereess of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
(Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands),
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of Heav'n to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Pantheon; Lords, accom-
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride, [pany
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine;
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manet Titus Andronicus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and
Marcus.*

Mar. Oh, Titus, see, oh, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonour'd all our family;

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you ;
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him :
He must be buried with his brethren.

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ? what villain was it spake that word ?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here,

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight ?

Mar. No, Noble Titus ; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, ev'n thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one ;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul, —

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, —

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in Virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise —

The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome :
Well ; bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb ! [friends,

[*They all kneel, and say,*

No man shed tears for Noble Mutius ;
He lives in fame that died in Virtue's cause.

Mar. My Lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advance'd in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus ; but I know it is :
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell :
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?
Yes ; and will nobly him remunerate.

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and
Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door ; at
the other door, Bassianus and Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize ;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of your's, my Lord ; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife ?

But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir ; you are very short with us,
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life :

Only thus much I give your Grace to know,

By all the duties which I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd ;

That in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave ;
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me :
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my Lord ; the gods of Rome forefend
I should be author to dishonour you !

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all ;
Whose fury, not disssembled, speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him,
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.

My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Disssemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne :
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part ;
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin ;
Yield at intreats ; and then let me alone ;
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain—

Aside.

Come, come, sweet Emperor,—come, Andronicus—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her ; my Lord,

These

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus,
And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords; and you, Lavinia,
By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to Heaven and to his Highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more——

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied; sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and, sure as death, I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides;
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends;
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow an' it please your Majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your Grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Before the palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. **N**OW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure

Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning-flash;
 Advance'd above pale Envy's threat'ning reach.
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiac in his glist'ring coach,
 And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
 So Tamora —

Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
 Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts,
 I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made Emperess.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis; — this Queen,
 This Syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

S C E N E II.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
 And manners, to intrude where I am grace'd;
 And, may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves:
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;
 I am as able, and as fit as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! — these lovers will not keep the
 peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,

Are

Are you so desp'rate grown to threat your friends ?
Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, Lords ?

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw ?
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge :
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.——

Chi. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full-resolv'd,——
Foul-spoken coward ! thou thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.——

Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all ;
Why, Lords—— and think you not, how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right ?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge ?
Young Lords, beware—and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world ;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope. [*choice ;*]

Aar. Why, are you mad ! or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Dem.

Dem. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love.

Aar. To atchieve her—how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Tho' Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
With words, fair looks, and liberality? [*court it*]

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Ghi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:

Why, hark ye, hark ye—and are you such fools,

To square for this? would it offend you then

That both should speed!

Ghi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, befriends; and join for that you jar,
'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love;

A speedier course than ling'ring languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest-walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villany:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
 To villany and vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The Emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns;
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sic fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per Manes vehor. — [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Changes to a forest.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, with hounds
 and horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray;
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay;
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the Emperor's person carefully.
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then
 enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chi-
 ron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty;
 Madam, to you as many and as good.
 I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say No:

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound;

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to a desert part of the forest.*

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree;
And never after to inherit * it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
• The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
• The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,
• The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
• And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
• Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit;
• And whilst the babling Echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,

* inherit, for possess simply.

Let

Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave;
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 (Our pastimes done), possess a golden slumber;
 While hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine.

"What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 "My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
 "My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 "Even as an adder, when she doth unrowl
 "To do some fatal execution?

No, Madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora, (the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee),
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 See'st thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal-plotted serowl.
 Now question me no more, we are espied.
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dread not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress; Bassianus comes;
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.*

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's Royal Emperefs?
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controuler of our private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Emperefs,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your train?
Disinounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wand'red hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being interrupted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
For sauciness. — I pray you, let us hence;
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign, and our gracious
mother,

Why does your Highness look so pale and wan!

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have tice'd me hither to this place,

"A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.

"The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,

"O'ercome with moss, and baleful missesto.

"Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

"Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

"And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit.

"They

" They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 " A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 " Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 " Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 " As any mortal body, hearing it,
 " Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 " No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 " But straight they told me, they would bind me here,
 " Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 " And leave me to this miserable death:
 And then they call'd me foul adulterers,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect,
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life;
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis:—nay, barbarous T—
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own. [mora;

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her.
 First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted cope she braves your Mightiness;
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An' if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure.

Come, Mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice-preserved honesty of your's.

Lav. O Tamora, thou bear'st a woman's face——

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word——

Dem. Listen, fair Madam ; let it be your glory
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath, she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble ;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;
Do thou intreat her, shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*

Chi. What ! would'st thou have me prove myself a
bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch the lark :
Yet have I heard, (oh, could I find it now !)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
Oh, be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her.

Lav. Oh, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. [*thee*].

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place ;
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long ;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name! [ture!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth—Bring thou
her husband. [*Dragging off Lavinia.*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons; see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all th' Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the lothesome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning-dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*

S C E N E VII.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear;

A

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. ' Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
' A precious ring, that lightens all the hole;
' Which, like a taper in some monument,
' Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
' And shews the ragged intrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.*

Sat. Along, with me—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest.
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase:
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora with attendants, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The plot of this timeless tragedy;
—And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean;
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Sat. Oh, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To Titus.*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit.

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
(Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them —)

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my Lord: yet let me be their bail.
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me
Some bring the murther'd body, some the murtherers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain:
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will intreat the King;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell (an' if thy tongue can speak
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And (if thy stumps will let thee) play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my case I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Chiron.*]

SCENE X. *Enter Marcus to Lavinia.*

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !

Speak, gentle niece, what ~~stern~~ ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in ?
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As have thy love ! why dost not speak to me ?

' Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
' Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
' Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
' Coming and going with thy honey-breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee ;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
(As from a conduit with three issuing spouts)
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encountred with a cloud. ———
Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 'tis so ?
O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind !

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
' Oh, had the monster seen those lily hands
' Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
' And make the silken strings delight to kiss them ;
' He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
' Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
' Which that sweet tongue hath made ;
' He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
' As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet,
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?

Do

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. **H**ear me, great fathers; noble Tribunes, stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*]
For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exeunt.*]
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow;
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.

Oh, reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death:
And let me say, (that never wept before),
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;

The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead;—
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you ———

Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me. ———

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounce'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers?
Tygers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her.

Speak, my Lavinia ; what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handleless, in thy father's spight ?
 What fool hath added water to the sea ?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain :
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life :
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
 Now all the service I require of them,
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself ; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead.

‘ For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
 ‘ Invirion'd with a wilderness of sea,
 ‘ Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave ;
 ‘ Expecting ever when some envious surge
 ‘ Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.——

“ Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 “ It would have maddened me. What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lovely body so ?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee ;

Thy

Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her :
“ When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
“ Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey-dew
“ Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
What shall we do ? let us that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wond'ring at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece ; good Titus, dry thine
eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine ;
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

—*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ; I understand her signs ;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh what a sympathy of woe is this !
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss.

S C E N E III. *Enter Aaron.*

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King ; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor ! oh, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent ; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle ?
Oh, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine [these

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that, you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd.
Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand.
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villany [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth.
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call. What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these woe-extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow.
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth.
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But, like a drunkard, must I vomit them.
 Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
 For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
 And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back.
 Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mock'd.
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
 These miseries are more than may be borne!
 To weep with them that weep, doth ease some deal*;
 But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery! die, Andronicus;
 Thou dost not slumber; see, thy two sons' heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter, here;
 Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs;
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight

* i. e. in some measure.

The closing up of your most wretched eyes?
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha! —

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed.

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see, what task I have to do —
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. — Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Manet Lucius.*

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father,
The wofullst man that ever liv'd in Rome;
Farewel, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister,
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his Empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenge'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit Lucius.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI. *An apartment in Titus's house.**A banquet.**Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a boy.*

Tit. So, so, now sit; and look you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.——
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
 Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I;
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O handle not the theme: no talk of hands,——
 Lest we remember still that we have none.
 Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands?
 Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
 Here is no drink: hark, Marcus, what she says,
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs.
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechless complaint!—O, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will rest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter, deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness!

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murd'rer; thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother; get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?
'How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
'And buzz laments and dolings in the air;
'Poor harmless fly,
'That with his pretty buzzing melody,
'Came here to make us merry;
'And thou hast kill'd him.'

Mar. Pardon me, Sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Yet still I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.
 Come, take away ; Lavinia, go with me ;
 I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
 Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
 Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Titus's house.

*Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him ;
 and the boy flies from her, with his books under his
 arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.*

Boy. Help, grandfire, help ; my aunt Lavinia
 Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes :
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean !

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ah, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs ?

Tit. Fear thou not, Lucius, somewhat doth she mean :
 See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee :
 Some whither would she have thee go with her.
 Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care
 Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
 Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

Boy. My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
 Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,
 Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to fear,
 Although, my Lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did ;

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth,

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
 Causeless perhaps : but pardon me, sweet aunt ;

And,

And, Madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was;
Or else to heav'n she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy. [leaves.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she qotes the

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,
Force'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see,——

Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should Nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
What Roman Lord it was durst do the deed: [friends,
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece's bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece; brother sit down by
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

[me.
Inspire

Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My Lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.]

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at least,
What God will have discover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]

Tit. Oh, do you read, my Lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. *Magnæ Regnator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!*

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle Lord; altho' I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclains.
My Lord, kneel down with me: Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And swear with me, (as with the woeful peer,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape),
That we will prosecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths;
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league;
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,

And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you!

Boy. I say, my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an' if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heav'ns, can you hear a good man grone,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens' marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge;
Revenge thee, heav'ns! for old Andronicus. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to the palace.*

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door; and
at another door, young Lucius and another, with a
bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay some mad message from his mad grandfa-
ther.

Boy. My Lords with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)

For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you,
 My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say :
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your Lordships, that whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well.
 And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here ? a scrowl, and written round
 Let's see. [about ?]

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
 Not eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well :
 I read it in the Grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just ; — a verse in Horace — right, you
 have it —

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
 Here's no fond jest ; th' old man hath found their guilt,
 And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
 But were our witty Empress well a-foot,
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit :
 But let her rest in her unrest a while.
 And now, young Lords, was't not a happy star
 Led us to Rome strangers, and more than so,
 Captives, to be advanced to this height ?
 It did me good before the palace-gate,
 To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
 Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius ?
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
 At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
 For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us o-
 ver.

[*Flourish.*
Dem.]

Dem. Why do the Emp'r's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emp'r hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

S C E N E III.

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor child.

Nur. Good morrow, Lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone:
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress's shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.
She is deliver'd, Lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest!
What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

[issue.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam: a joyful

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as lothsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal;
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Dem. Woe to her chance, and damn'd her lothed
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend! [choice,

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.

Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, y' unforgive shallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye alehouse painted signs,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue :

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This before all the world do I prefer ;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe ;
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nor. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enactings and counsels of the heart !
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer ;
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father ;
As who should say, " Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, Lords ; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchis'd, and come to light.
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice
Save thou the child, so we may be all safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you.
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave Lords; when we all join in
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor, [league,
The chafed boar, the mountain-lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself——
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself——
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said—— [*He kills her.*
Week,—— week!——so cries a pig prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advance'd,
And be received for the Emp'r's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my Lords, ye see I have given her physic,
And you must needs bestow her funeral.
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and her's are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A street near the palace.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me see your archery.
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astræa reliquit——be you remember'd, Mar-
cus——

She's gone, she's fled——Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land——
No, Publius and Sempronius; you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you deliver this petition;
Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome!——Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd.

This

This wicked Emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kiniman, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters;
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is now employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heav'n, or somewhere else;
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to th' very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And sith there is no justice in earth or hell,
We will solicit heav'n, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you—here, *ad Apollinem*—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;

Here, boy, to Pallas—here, to Mercury—

To Saturn and to Cælus—not to Saturnine—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy; Marcus, loose when I bid.

O' my word, I have written to effect,

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh, well said, Lucius.

Good

Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it Pallas.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?
See, see, thou'lt shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my Lord ; when Publius
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock, [shot,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court.
And who should find them but the Empress' villain.
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not chuse
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your Lordship
joy !

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n ; Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clown. Who ? the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must not
be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clown. Alas, Sir, I know not Jupiter ;
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir ; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n ?

Clown. From heav'n ? alas, Sir, I never came there.
God forbid I should be so bold to press into heav'n in
my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons
to the Tribunal Plebs *, to take up a matter of brawl
betwixt my uncle and one of the Imperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for
your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the
Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the
Emperor with a grace ?

Clown. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in
all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.

* He means to say, *Tribunus Plebis*.

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold——mean while, here's money for thy

Give me a pen and ink. [charges.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then, here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration, For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant; And when thou hast given it the Emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, Lords, what wrongs are these? was ever An Emperor of Rome thus overborne, [seen Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt? My Lords, you know, as do the mightyful gods, (However the disturbers of our peace Buzz in the people's ears), there nought hath pass'd, But even with law against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an' if His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks, His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterness? And now he writes to heav'n for his redress. See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury, This to Apollo, this to the god of war. Sweet scrowls, to fly about the streets of Rome! What's this but libelling against the senate, And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?

A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, most lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierce'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts—Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*]

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an' your Mistership be Imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he: God and St. Stephen give you good-
 e'en:

I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*He reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a
 neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne? as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,

Nor

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege *.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my Lords; Rome never had more
cause;

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius General of the Goths?

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
'Tis he the common people love so much:
Myself have often overheard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man),
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Ev'n so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou Emperor,
I will inchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

* i. e. make or establish privilege.

Tam.

Tam. If Tamora intreat him, then he will:
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 Go thou before as our ambassador; [*To Æmilius.*
 Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet Emperor, be blyth again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A camp at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Luc. **A**pproved warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify what hate they bear their Emp'rour,
 And how desirous of our fight they are.
 Therefore, great Lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
 And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
 (Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort),
 Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
 Ungrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st:
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
 And be avenge'd on cursed Tamora.

Omnes. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

S C E N E II.

Enter a Goth leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery:
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace! (ev'n thus he rates the babe),
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress's eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Empress.

If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
 'T hat highly may advantage thee to hear ;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll ipeak no more ; but vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An' if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak :
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no God :
 That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ! as indeed I do not ;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called *Conscience*,
 With twenty Popish tricks and ceremonies
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe :
 Therefore I urge thy oath, (for that I know
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god, [*Aside.*
 And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
 To that I'll urge him) ; — therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, nourish and bring him up ;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
 'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;
 And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc.

Luc. Oh, barb'rous beastly villains like thyself!

Aar. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well; let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mentioned;

Confed'rate with the Queen and her two sons.

And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't!

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.

And when I told the Empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet I think

Few come within the compass of my curse)

Wherein I did not some notorious ill;

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks,

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
 " Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly :
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.——

Welcome, Æmilius ; what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman Emperor greets you all by me ;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our General ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come. March away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Changes to Titus's palace in Rome.*

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in these strange and sad habillements,
 I will encounter with Andronicus ;
 And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
 To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs :
 Knock at the study, where they say he keeps,
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
 Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and Titus appears above.]
Tit.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with
me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched slump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody Murder or detested Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:

Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves.
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
 Trot like a servile footman all day long;
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
 And you the Empress! but we worldly men
 Have miserable and mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
 And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy;
 Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speech:
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius his son:
 And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or at the least make them his enemies.
 See here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Titus.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house;
 Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
 How like the Empress and her sons you are!
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
 For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,
 But in her company there is a Moor;

And

And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.

But welcome as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenge'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee
And I will be revenged on them all. [wrong,

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's court
There is a Queen attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads tow'ards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! — 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me; and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him incamp his soldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

This

This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I come again. [*Aside.*

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus! Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius!

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

[*Exit Titus.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that ye bind them fast.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a bason.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, Chiron, and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhumane traitors, you constrain'd and force'd.
What would ye say, if I should let you speak?
Villains!—for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia twist her stumps doth hold
The bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad—
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Procne I will be revenge'd.
And now prepare your throats: Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious.
To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
More

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tyger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emp'r's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave.

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*]
The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

S C E N E VI.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's Emperor, and nephew, break the parley;
These quarrels must be quietly debated:
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Pleafe you therefore draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*]

*A table brought in. Enter Titus like a cook, placing
the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over
her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord; welcome, dread
Queen;

Welcome,

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome all: although the cheer be poor,
'I will fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were.
My Lord the Emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was inforce'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
I am as woful as Virginius was, [blind.
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your Highness
feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs the Empress.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs Titus.*]

Luc.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

Mar. You sad-face'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
[*To Lucius.*]

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy:
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother,
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend :
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas—— you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : oh, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak. Behold this child,
 Of this was Tamora delivered,
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? shew us wherein ;
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronicus,
 We'll hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our Emperor : for well I know
 The common voice doth cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, Rome's Royal Emperor !
 Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.
 Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious Governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task.
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw thou near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers; thy grandfire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he dance'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow.
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy,
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so.
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my heart,
'Would I were dead, so you did live again——
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping——
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

S C E N E VII. *Enter Romans with Aaron.*

Rom. You sad Andronici have done with woes.
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him.
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food.
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Mar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb!—
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evil I have done.

Ten thousand worse, than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that h inous tygreſs Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then, afterwards, we'll order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

The Tragedy of MACBETH*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, <i>King of Scotland.</i>	Seyton, <i>an officer attending on Macbeth.</i>
Malcolm, } <i>sons to the</i>	<i>Son to Macduff.</i>
Donald Bane, } <i>King.</i>	<i>Doctor.</i>
Macbeth, } <i>Generals of the</i>	<i>Lady Macbeth,</i>
Banquo, } <i>King's army.</i>	<i>Lady Macduff.</i>
Lenox, }	<i>Gentlewomen attending on</i>
Macduff, }	<i>Lady Macbeth.</i>
Rosse, } <i>Noblemen of</i>	<i>Hecate, and three other</i>
Menteth, } <i>Scotland.</i>	<i>Witches.</i>
Angus, }	<i>Lords, Gentlemen, Officers,</i>
Cathness, }	<i>Soldiers, and Attendants.</i>
Fleance, <i>son to Banquo.</i>	<i>The Ghost of Banquo, and</i>
Siward, <i>General of the Eng-</i>	<i>several other apparitions.</i>
<i>lish forces.</i>	
Young Siward, <i>his son.</i>	

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's castle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

- 1 *Witch.* **W**hen shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
- 2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's
When the battle's lost and won. [done,
- 3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
- 1 *Witch.* Where the place?
- 3 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
- 3 *Witch.* There I go to meet Macbeth.
- 1 *Witch.* I come, I come, Grimalkin.—

* This is supposed to be a true history; taken from Hector Boetius, and other Scottish chroniclers.

2 *Witch.*

2 *Witch.* Padocke calls——anon !

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]

S C E N E II. *Changes to the palace at Forres.*

Enter King, Malcom, Donald Bane, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that ? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who, like a good and hardy foldier fought
Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend !
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Capt. Doubtful long it stood ;
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choke their art: the merciless Macdonel
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kernes and gallow-glasses was supply'd ;
And Fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak :
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his passage,
Till he had face'd the slave ;
Who ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to him, -
Till he unseam'd him from the nape to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin ! worthy Gentleman !

Capt. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfit well'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark ;
No sooner Justice had with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels ;
But the Norwegian Lord, surveying 'vantage,

With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our Captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Capt. Yes,
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report, they were
As cannons overcharge'd with double * cracks,
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize † another Golgotha,
I cannot tell —

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. —

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look that seems to speak ‡ things strange.

Ross. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himself with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him in self-comparisons ||,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Ross. Now Sweno, Norway's King, craves composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men, [tion:

* double is here used for great, and not for two.

† memorize, for make.

‡ i. e. that seems as if he would speak.

|| i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal.

Till he disbursed, at St. Colmeskill isle *

Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral † use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom-int'rest ‡. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Changes to the heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou!

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,
quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tyger.

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And like a rat without a tail,

I'll do — I'll do — and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other,
And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I' th' ship-man's card. —

I will drain him dry as hay,

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid;

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine,

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toft.

Look what I have.

* One of the western isles of Scotland, otherwise called *Jona*.

† *general*, for *public*.

‡ *bosom-interest*, for *trust*.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine!
Peace! — the charm's wound up.

S C E N E I V.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? — What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. — You should be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King
hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical †, or that indeed [*To the witches.*]
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,

* *fantastical, for supernatural, spiritual.*

And say, which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail !

2 *Witch.* Hail !

3 *Witch.* Hail !

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's * death, I know I'm Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor ? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosp'rous gentleman. And, to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,
With such prophetic greeting ?—speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind.—
'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so ?

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

S C E N E V. *Enter Ross and Angus.*

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal 'venture † in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his. Silence'd with that,

* The father of Macbeth.

† i. e. adventure.

In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
 Came post on post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in this kingdom's great defence;
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*!
 In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
 For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives?
 Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and 'vantage; or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! [*Aside.*
 The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[*To Angus.*
 Do you not hope your children shall be Kings?

[*To Banquo.*
 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
 Might yet inkindle * you unto the crown,
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.
 Cousins, a word, I pray you. [*To Rosse and Angus.*

* inkindle, for to stimulate you to seek.

Macb.

Macb. Two truths are told, [Aside.
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme. I thank you, Gentlemen —
 This supernatural soliciting *
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good. — If ill,
 Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor.
 If good, why do I yield † to that suggestion,
 Whose horrid image doth upfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
 Against the use of nature? present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings.
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function
 Is smother'd in surmise ‡; and nothing is
 But what is not ||.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why, chance
 may crown me, [Aside.
 Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,
 But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may, [Aside.
 Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was
 wrought
 With things forgot. Kind Gentlemen, your pains
 Are registr'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them — Let us tow'rd the King;
 Think upon what hath chance'd; and at more time,
 [To Banquo.
 (The interim having weigh'd it), let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough: come, friends. [Exeunt.

* soliciting for information.

† yield, not for consent, but for to be subdued by.

‡ surmise, for contemplation.

|| i. e. I can give no attention to any thing but to the future prospect of the crown.

S C E N E VI. *Changes to the palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donald Bane, Lennox, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor yet?
Or not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he own'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. 'Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,
More is thy due, ev'n more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne, and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing.
Fie'd * tow'rd your life and honour.

King. Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee,

* i. e. engaged to the support of.

And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only;
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—Hence to Inverness, [*To Macbeth.*
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland!—that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not Night see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to an apartment in Macbeth's castle at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of success: and I have
learn'd by the perfected report*, they have more in them
than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question
them further, they made themselves air, into which they
vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came
missives from the King, who all-bail'd me Thane of

* report, for prediction.

Cawdor; by which title, before, these weyward sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with Hail! King that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, (my dearest partner of greatness), that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor—and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. “ Yet do I fear thy nature;
“ It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
“ To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
“ Art not without ambition; but without
“ The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, *This thou must do, if thou have it*;
And that's what rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate, and metaphysic * aid, doth seem
To have crown'd thee withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending;

He brings great news. The raven himself's not hoarse,
[*Exit Mess.*

‘ That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

‘ Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits

* *metaphysic*, for *supernatural*.

‘ That

' That tend on mortal * thoughts, unsex me here ;
 ' And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
 ' Of direst cruelty ; make thick my blood,
 ' Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
 ' That no compunctious visitings of nature
 ' Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace † between
 ' Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
 ' And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers !
 ' Where-ever in your sightless substances [night !
 ' You wait on nature's ‡ mischief.——Come, thick
 ' And pall || thee in the dunnest sinoak of hell,
 ' That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
 ' Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the ark,
 ' To cry, Hold, hold !

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor ! [*Embracing him.*
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ign'rant ** present time, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never

Shall sun that morrow see !——

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange †† matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
 Must be provided for ; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch,
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

* i. e. deadly.

† keep peace, for go between simply. The allusion to officers of justice who keep peace been rioters by going between them.

‡ nature, for human

|| i. e. wrap thyself in a pall.

** ign'rant, for base, poor, ignoble.

†† strange, for dangerous.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear :
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. *Before Macbeth's castle-gate.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donald Bane, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat* ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our general sense.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !
The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you should bid God-yield us † for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
(In every point twice done, and then done double).
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits ‡.

K. Where's the Thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well,

* *seat* is the same word as *site*.

† To bid any man *God-yield him*, i. e. *God yield him*, was the same as *God reward him*.

‡ *hermits*, for *beadsmen*.

And his great love (sharp as his spur) hath hold him
To's home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Changes to an apartment in Macbeth's castle.

*Hautboys, torches. Enter divers Servants with dishes
and service over the stage. Then Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere
It were done quickly: if th' assassination [well
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all — *Here.*
But *here*, upon this bank and shelve of Time,
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in these cases,
“ We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach
“ Bloody instructions; which, being taught, return
“ To plague th' inventor. Even-handed Justice
“ Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
“ To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
“ First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
“ Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
“ Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,
“ Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
“ Hath borne his faculties * so meek, hath been
“ So clear in his great office, that his virtues
“ Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
“ The deep damnation of his taking off;
“ And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
“ Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
“ Upon the sightless couriers of the air,

* *faculties for office, exercise of power, &c.*

“ Shall blow the horrid deed in ev’ry eye ;
 “ That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which o’erleaps itself,
 And falls on th’ other side——

S C E N E X. *Enter Lady Mabeth.*

How now ? what news ?

Lady. He’s almost supp’d ; why have you left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask’d for me ?

Lady. Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
 He hath honour’d me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress’d yourself ? hath it slept since ?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely ? from this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire ? wouldst thou have that,
 Which thou esteem’st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem ?
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
 Like the poor cat i’ th’ adage. *

Macb. Pr’ythee, peace ;
 I dare do all that may become a man ;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was’t then
 That made you break this enterprize to me ?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
 And to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place,
 Did then cohere †, and yet you would make both :
 They’ve made themselves ; and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

* The adage alluded to is, *The cat would catch fish, but she dare not wet her ear.*

† cohere, for suit, fit.

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me —
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn.
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail, —

Lady. We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince *,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only ; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan ! what not put upon
His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't ?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

* convince, for intoxicate,

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*A hall in Macbeth's castle.**Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.*

Ban. **H**OW goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, Sir.*Ban.* Hold take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep: Merciful pow'rs!
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
 Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword. Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed.
 He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,
 And sent great largesse to your officers;
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess, and's shut up
 In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
 Our will became the servant to defect;
 Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
 I dream'd last night of the three weyward sisters:
 To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
 Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
 Would spend it in some words upon that business,
 If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent*, when 'tis,
 It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none

* consent, for will.

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

S C E N E II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]
' Is this a dagger which I see before me,
' The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch
' I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. [thee.—
' Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
' To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
' A dagger of the mind, a false creation
' Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
' I see thee yet, in form as palpable
' As this which now I draw.—
' Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
' And such an instrument I was to use.
' Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
' Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
' And on the blade of th' dagger, gouts of blood,
' Which was not so before. There's no such thing.—
' It is the bloody business, which informs
' Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
' Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
' The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
' Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murder,
' (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
' Whose howl's his watch), thus with his stealthy pace,
' With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
' Moves like a ghost.—Thou found and firm-set earth,
' Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
' The very stones prate of my where-about *;
' And take the present horror from the time,
' Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives†—
[*A bell rings.*]

* i. e. tell where I am.

† ——— he lives———

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, &c.

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit.

S C E N E III. *Enter Lady.*

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold :
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. " Hark!
peace !
" It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
" Which gives the stern't good-night — he is about it —
" The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
" Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd
their possets,
" That death and nature do contend about them,
" Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there ? — What ho !
Lady. " Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd ;
" And 'tis not done ; th' attempt, and not the deed,
" Confounds us ——— Hark ! I laid their daggers
ready,
" He could not miss 'em. — Had he not resembled
" My father as he slept, I had don't My husband !
Macb. I've done the deed ——— didst thou not hear a
noise ?
Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?
Macb. When ?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I descended ?
Lady. Ay.
Macb. Hark ! — who lies i' th' second chamber ?
Lady. Donald Bane.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*
Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.
Macb. " There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cry'd, Murther !
" They wak'd each other ; and I stood and heard them ;
" But they did say their prayers, and address them
" Again to sleep.

Lady.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. " One cry'd, God bless us! and, Amen! the other ;

" As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

" Listening their fear, I could not say Amen,

" When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could I not pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought on
After these ways; so, it will make us mad. [more!

Macb. " Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no

" Macbeth doth murder Sleep; the innocent sleep;

" Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

" The birth of each day's life, fore labour's bath,

" Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

" Chief nourisher in life's feast.-----

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. " Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house;
" Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
" Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And was this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady. " Infirm of purpose!
" Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
" Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
" That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking!

[Starting.
" How

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox, and Porter.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics * pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited †
service. *[Exit Macduff.]*

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing till the second cock:
And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it
provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but takes away the
performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator
with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and takes
him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand so,
and not stand so; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giv-
ing him the lye, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lye last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat o' me; but I requited him
for his lye; and, I think, being too strong, for him, though he took
my legs some time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

S C E N E, &c.

* i. e. heals, cures.

† limited, for appointed.

Our chimnies were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,
Aunts prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time :

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name
thee —

Macb. and *Len.* What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece ;
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ? —

Len. Mean you his Majesty ? —

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves : awake ! awake !

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*

Ring the alarum-bell—murther ! and treason !
Banquo and Donald Bane ! Malcolm, awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself—up, up, and see
The great doom's image—Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror. —

S C E N E V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? Speak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo, Banquo !

Enter

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas !
What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time : for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious * in mortality ;
All is but toys ; renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donald Bane.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stop't ; the very source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom !

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't ;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood ;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows ; they star'd and were distracted ;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.——

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and fu-
Loyal and neutral † in a moment ? no man. [rious,
“ The expedition of my violent love
“ Outrun the pauiser, reason. Here lay Duncan ;
“ His silver skin lace'd with his golden blood,
“ And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
“ For ruin's wasteful entrance ; there the murderers,
“ Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

* serious, for valuable.

† neutral, for unconcerned, indifferent.

“ Unmanly reech'd with gore: who could refrain,
 “ That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 “ Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!— [*Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
 Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
 May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
 Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
 The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady;

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
 Against the undivulge'd pretence * I fight
 Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exe. all but Mal. and Don.*

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with them:
 To shew an unfelt sorrow is an office
 Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
 There's daggers in mens' smiles; the near in blood,
 The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
 Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

* pretence, for all.

SCENE VI. *The outside of Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Ross, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody stage *: by th' clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. "On Tuesday last,
"A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
"Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd."

Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange
and certain!)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said they ate each other.

Ross. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain. [deed?

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were fuborn'd;
Malcolm and Donald Bane, the King's two sons,
Are stoln away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

* *Stage, for act.*

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still ;——
 Thriftless Ambition ! that will ravin up
 Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis most like
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth ?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
 To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
 The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there !
 adieu,
 Left our old robes fit easier than our new !

Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
 That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter Banquo.

THou hast it now ; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
 The weyward women promis'd ; and, I fear
 Thou playd'st most foully for't. Yet it was said,
 It should not stand in thy posterity ;
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine *),
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope ? But, hush, no more.

Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

* *shine, for prosper.*

Lady.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.

[Exit Banquo.]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: till then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth and Lords.]

SCENE II. *Manent Macbeth and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Serv. They are, my Lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb.

Macb. Bring them before us.——To be thus, is nothing ; [Exit Servant.

But to be safely thus.——Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
And to that dauntless temper of his mind, [dares ;
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear : and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,
Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And badè them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they place'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd * my mind :
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them : and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings. The seed of Banquo Kings !
“ Rather than so, come fate into the list,
“ And champion me to th' utterance† !—Who's there ?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there, till we call. [Exit Ser.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now
You have consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you ;
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instru-
ments

Who wrought with them ; and all things else that might

* i. e. defiled.

† i. e. extremity.

To half a soul, and to a notion * craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you so gossell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
" As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
" Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd
" All by the name of dogs; the valued file
" Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
" The house-keeper, the hunter; every one
" According to the gift which bounteous nature
" Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
" Particular addition, from the bill
" That writes them all alike; and so of men.
" Now, if you have a station in the file,
" And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,

So weary with disastrous tuggs with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance†,

* notion, for the understanding.

† distance, for enemy.

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-face'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves; [at most,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time†,
The moment on't; (for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness), and with him
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work),
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's), must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Another apartment in the palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Ser. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Ser. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.

† *i. e.* the critical juncture.

'Tis

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done, is done.

Macb. " We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—
" She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
" Remains in danger of her former tooth.
" But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer
" Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
" In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
" That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
" (Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace),
" Than on the torture of the mind to lie
" In restless ecstasy *.——Duncan is in his grave:
" After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
" Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
" Malice † domestic, foreign levy, nothing
" Can touch him further !

Lady. Come on.

Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so I pray be you.
Let your remembrance still apply to Banquo.
Present him eminence ‡, both with eye and tongue.
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces
Vizards t' our hearts, disguising what they are!——

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eternal §.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. " Ere the bat hath flown

* *ecstasy*, for *madness*.

† *malice*, for *conspiracy*.

‡ *i. e.* do him the highest honours.

§ *eternal*, for *immortal*.

“ His cloyster'd flight; ere to black Hecat's summons
 “ The shard-born beetle * with his drowsy hums
 “ Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 “ A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed. “ Come, feeling night,
 “ Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 “ And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 “ Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 “ Which keeps me pale. Night thickens, and the
 “ Makes wing to th' rooky wood. [crow
 “ Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
 “ Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
 “ Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still.
 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
 So pr'ythee go with me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a park; the castle at a distance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

[*Speaking to the first.*

Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

[*Banquo within*] Give us light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i' th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
 (So all men do), from hence to th' palace-gate
 Make it their walk.

* i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*

Ban. Oh, treachery!

Fly, Fleance, fly, fly, fly;

Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave!

[*Dies.* *Fleance escapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a room of state in the castle.*

A banquet prepar'd *Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down;
And first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome. [*They sit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts?
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst. [*thanks.*
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round — There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murtherer, aside, at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

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Z

Mur.

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most Royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. "Then comes my fit again. I had else been
perfect;

"Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

"As broad and gen'ral as the casing air:

"But now I'm cabb'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

"To faucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?—

Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;

"There the grown serpent lies: the worm that's fled,

"Hath nature that in time will venom breed;

"No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear thee ourselves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*]

Lady My royal Lord,

You do not give the cheer; the feast is cold,

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making

'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the fauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

[*The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len May't please your Highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grace'd person of our Banquo present,—
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!)

Rosse. His absence, Sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

[*Starting.*]

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.

What

What is't that moves your Highness ?

Macb. " Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good Lord ?

Macb. " Thou canst not say I did it : never shake
" Thy goary locks at me."

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man ?

[*To Macbeth aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff !

" This is the very painting of your fear ; [*Aside.*

" This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said

" Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts

" Impostors of true fear) would well become

" A woman's story at a winter's fire,

" Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself ! —

Why do you make such faces ? when all's done,
You look but on a fool.

Macb. Pr'ythee see there ?

Behold ! look ! lo ! How say you ?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

" Why, what care I ? if thou canst nod, I speak too. —

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*

Lady. What ? quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him. —

Lady. Fie, for shame !

Macb. " Blood hath been shed ere now i' th' olden

" Ere human statute purge'd the gen'ral weal ; [time,

" Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

" Too terrible for th' ear. The times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end ; but now they rise again

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools. This is more strange

Than

Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*]

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

“Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
“Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
“Which thou dost glare with.”

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger;
“Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
“Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
“And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
“If trembling I inhibit*, then protest me
“The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
“Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, so,—being gone,

[*The Ghost vanishes.*]

I am a man again. Pray you sit still. [*The Lords rise.*]

Lady. You have displace'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting

With most admir'd disorder. Can't such things be,
And overcome† us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Macb. You make me strange

* inhibit, for refuse.

† overcome is used for deceive.

" Ev'n to the disposition that I owe *,
 " Now when I think you can behold such fights,
 " And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 " When mine is blanch'd with fear."

Rosse. What fights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and
 Question enrages him. at once good night. [worse;
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
 Attend his Majesty!

Lady. Good night to all. [Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have
 blood;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
 Augurs, that understood relations †, have
 By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his per-
 At our great bidding? [ion

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
 There's not a Thane of them, but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
 (Betimes I will) unto the weyward sisters:
 More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
 By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good.
 All causes shall give way; I am in blood
 Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as going o'er.
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
 Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-
 Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use ‡: [abuse
 We're yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

* Which in plain English is only, *You make me just mad.*

† By *relations* is meant the relation one thing is supposed to bear to
 another.

‡ *Initiate fear*, for that fear which attends those who are but new-
 initiated in all; and *hard use*, for use that makes hardy

S C E N E VI. *Changes to the heath.**Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.**1 Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat'? you look angerly.*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams, as you are?

Saucy, and over-bold! how did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles, and affairs of death?

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our art;

And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son;

Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' th' morning: thither he

Will come to know his destiny:

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and every thing beside.

I am for th' air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by magic sleights,

Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

And you all know, Security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [*Music and a song.*]

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in the foggy cloud, and tays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*]*1 Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
again. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII. *Changes to a chamber.*

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth – marry, he was dead: —
And the right-vaillant Banquo walk'd too late.
Whom you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
You cannot want the thought, how monstrous too
It was for Malcolm, and for Donald Bane,
To kill their gracious father, damned fact!
How did it grieve Macbeth? did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please Heav'n, he shall not), they should find
What 'twere to kill a father: so should Fleance.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he sail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these (with him^a above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Doth faithful homage, and receive free * honours;

* free, for grateful.

All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a care to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my pray'rs with him. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A dark cave; in the middle a great cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. **T**Hrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 Witch. Twice and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entremes throw.

[They march round the cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients, as for the preparation of their charm.]

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;

Adder's

Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and outlet's wing :
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening salt-sea shark ,
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew :
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;
Make the gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh ! well done ! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a song.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :
Open locks, whoever knocks.

SCENE

SCENE II. Enter Macbeth

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
What is't you do? [hags?

All A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.

• Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
• Against the churches; though the yesty waves
• Confound and swallow Navigation up;
• Tho' bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
• Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
• Though palaces and pyramids do slope
• Their heads to their foundations; tho' the treasure
• Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
• Even till destruction sicken: answer me

To what I ask you.

1 *Witch* Speak.

2 *Witch*. Demand.

3 *Witch* We'll answer.

1 *Witch*. Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our
Or from our masters? [mouths,

Macb. Call 'em let me see 'em.

1 *Witch*. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame

All. Come high or low;
Thyself and office dostly show. [Thunder.

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power —

1 *Witch*. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Mac-
duff!

Beware the Thane of Fife—dismiss me—enough.

[Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks.

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1 *Witch*.

Sc. 2. The TRAGEDY of MACBETH. 275

1 *Witch*. He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the first. [*Thunder*.

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends*.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lyes,
And sleep in spite of thunder. [*Thunder*.

*Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand,
rises.*

What is this
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnan-wood to Dunfinane's high hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnan rise, and our high place'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath
To Time and mortal custom! — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron sinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this!

[*Hautboys*.

1 *Witch*.

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, the last holding a glass in his hand: with Banquo following them.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.—And thy air
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the first—
A third is like the former—filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth!—Start, eye!
What! will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh! I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more: and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! nay, now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his, What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,

And shew the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round;

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Mus.*

The witches dance and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious
Stand ay accursed in the kalendar!

[*hour*

Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the wayward sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st * my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook †,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
The castle of Macduff I will surprise, [done!
Seize upon Fife, give to th' edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before the purpose cool.
But no more fights. Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Changes to Macduff's castle in Fife.*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the
Rosse. You must have patience, Madam. [land?

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his
His mansion, and his titles, in a place [babes,
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest cousin,

* i. e. defeatest.

† o'erlook is here used for coming to effect. The expression is bad,
but the sense good; which is, that purposes delayed are generally defeated.

I pray you school yourself; but for your husband,
 He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further;
 But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour*
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea
 Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
 'Tshall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
 And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor
 The pit-fall, nor the gin. [lime,

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds, they are
 not set for.

My father is not dead for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
 father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet
 i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lyes.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and
 must be hang'd.

* To hold rumour, signifies to be govern'd by the authority of rumour.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the lyars and swearers are fools; for there are lyars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known: Though in your state of honour I am perfect; I doubt some danger does approach you nearly. If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage; To do worship* to you, were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you. I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I've done no harm. But I remember now, I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm Is often laudable; to do good, sometime Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas! Do I put up that womanly defence, To say, I'd done no harm!—What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified, Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery?

* To do worship, signified, in the phrase of that time, to pay observance.

Son. He's kill'd me, mother;
Run away, pray you.

[*Exit L. Macduff, crying Murther; Murtherers
pursue her.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the King of England's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate* shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. " Let us rather

" Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
" Bestride our downfaln birth-doom: each new morn,
" New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
" Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
" As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. " What I believe, I'll wail;

" What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
" As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
" What you have spoke, it may be so perchance;
" This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
" Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
" He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but some-
thing

" You may deserve of him through me; 'tis wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,
T' appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. " But Macbeth is.

" A good and virtuous nature may recoil
" In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon.
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
" Tho' all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
" Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. " Perchance ev'n there where I did find my
doubts.

* *desolate*, for *solitary* simply.

" Why in that rawness left you wife and children,
 " Those precious motives *, those strong knots of love,
 " Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. " Bleed, bleed, poor country!
 " Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 " For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy
 wrongs,

His title is assaid. Fare thee well, Lord:
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
 There would be hands uplifted in my right:
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. † It is myself I mean, in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
 Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
 In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaritious, false, deceitful,

* motives, for pledges.

† This conference of Malcolm with Macduff, is taken out of the
 chronicles of Scotland.

Sudden *, malicious, smacking of ev'ry sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such á one to reign.

Macd. " Boundless intemperance
" In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
" Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
" And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is your's: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a fauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. " This avarice
" Strikes deeper; grows with more pernicious root
" Than summer-teeming lust; and it hath been
" The sword of our slain kings; yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. " But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
" As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
" Bounty, persev'rance, mercy, lowliness,
" Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
" I have no relish of them; but abound
" In the division of each several crime,

* sudden, for capricious.

" Acting

“ Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 “ Sour the sweet milk of concord into hate,
 “ Uproar the universal peace, confound
 “ All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland?—

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. “ Fit to govern?

“ No, not to live. O nation miserable,
 “ With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter’d!
 “ When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
 “ Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 “ By his own interdiction stands accurs’d,
 “ And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
 Oft’ner upon her knees than on her feet,
 Dy’d ev’ry day she liv’d. Oh, fare thee well!
 These evils thou repeat’st * upon thyself,
 Have banish’d me from Scotland. Oh, my breast!
 Thy hope ends here.

Mal. “ Macduff, this noble passion,
 “ Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip’d the black scruples; reconcil’d my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath fought to win me
 Into his pow’r; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste. But God above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life: my first false-speaking
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country’s, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,

* repeat, for reckon up, charge upon.

All ready at appoint *, was setting forth.
 No we'll together, and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile †.

SCENE V. *Enter a Doctor.*

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I
 pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
 That stay his cure; their malady convinces ‡
 The great assay of art. But, at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend. [*Exit.*]

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd *the evil*;

A most miraculous work in this good King,
 Which often since my here remain in England
 I've seen him do. How he solicits heav'n,
 Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
 All swoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

SCENE VI. *Enter Ross.*

Macd. See who comes here!

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

* *i. e.* at the place appointed, at the rendezvous.

† to reconcile, for to bear with temper.

‡ convinces, for defeats, overcomes.

Rosse. ' Alas, poor country,
' Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
' Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
' But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
' Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
' Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
' A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
' Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good mens' lives
' Expire before the flowers in their caps;
' Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well. ———

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too. ———

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd * the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be t their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. " 'Would I could answer
" This comfort with the like: But I have words
" That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
" Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they?

* witness'd, for confirm'd.

The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. "Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. "My children too!——

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be
found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd
too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. "He has no children.—All my pretty ones?

"Did you say, all? what, all! oh, hell-kite! all? *

Mal. Endure it like a man.

Macd. "I shall do so;

"But I must also feel it as a man.

"I cannot but remember such things were,

"That were most precious to me. Did heav'n look on,

"And would not take their part? sinful Macduff,

"They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

"Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

* ————oh, hell kite! all?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,

At one fell sweep?

Mal. Endure it, &c.

" Fell slaughter on their souls. Heav'n rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath : blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. " But, gentle heav'n !

" Cut short all intermission : front to front,

" Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;

" Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,

" Then heav'n forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King, our power is ready ;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. " Macbeth

" Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

" Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may ;

The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An antichamber in Macbeth's castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was
it she last walk'd ?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown up-
on her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again re-
turn to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-
ing. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking,
and other actual performances, what (at any time) have
you heard her say ?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no wit-
ness to confirm my speech.

Enter

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo, you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to fortify my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. "Out, damned spot; out, I say — one; two; " why then, 'tis time to do't. — Hell is murky. Fie, " my Lord, fie! a foldier, and afraid? what need we " fear who knows it, when none can call our power " to account: — Yet who would have thought the " old man to have so much blood in him?"

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? " What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — " No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you " mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heav'n knows what she has known.

Lady. " Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!"

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charge'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well —

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known

known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. " Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. " To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. — What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician. Good God forgive us all! look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her; so good night. My mind she's as mated, and amaz'd my fight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor.

Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Changes to a field, with a wood at a distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. [colm, Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnan wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donald Bane be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not. I've a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies,

Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands:
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnan.

SCENE III. *The castle of Dunfinane.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all.
Till Birnan wood remove to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal consequences*, have pronounce'd it:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*——Then fly, false
And mingle with the English epicures. [*Thanes*
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-face'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

* consequences, for evils.

Ser. There are ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What foldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What foldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. "Take thy face hence——Seyton!——I'm
sick at heart,

"When I behold——Seyton, I say!——This puff"

"Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.

"I have liv'd long enough: my way* of life

"Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:

"And that which should accompany old age,

"As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

"I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

"Curfes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

"which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!——

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be
Give me my armour. [hack'd.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round;

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies;

That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,

"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

"Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

"And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

* way is used for course, progress.

Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. " Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put my armour on ; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch—If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health ;
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say—
What rhubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ? Hear'st thou of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me ;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnan forest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Aside. Exe.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Birnan wood.*

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnan.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confin'd tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldierſhip.

Siw. The time approaches,
“ That will with due deciſion make us know
“ What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe *.
“ Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate ;
“ But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate.
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to the caſtle of Dunſinane.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls
The cry is ſtill, *They come* : our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not force'd † with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe ?
[*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears.
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouse and ſtir,
As life were in't. I have ſupp'd full with horrors ;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot now ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter ;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
“ To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
“ Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
“ To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time ;
“ And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
“ The way to duſky death. Out, out, brief candle !
“ Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
“ That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,

* i. e. property and allegiance.

† *Forc'd*, for *reſiſt'ed*.

‘ And then is heard no more ! It is a tale
 ‘ Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 ‘ Signifying nothing !

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com’st to use thy tongue : thy story quickly.

Mess. My gracious Lord,
 I should report that which I’d say I saw,
 But know not how to do’t.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look’d toward Birnan, and anon methought
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar and slave ! *[Striking him.]*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if’t be not so.
 Within this three mile you may see it coming:
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak’st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive.
 Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.——
 I pull in resolution *, and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth. *Fear not, till Birnan wood*
Do come to Dunfinane,—— and now a wood
 Comes towards Dunfinane. Arm, arm, and out !
 If this which he avouches does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I ’gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the state o’ th’ world were now undone.
 Ring the alarum-bell ; blow, wind ! come, wrack !
 At least we’ll die with harness on our back. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI. *Before Dunfinane.*

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their army with
 boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough : your leavy screens throw
 down,
 And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,

* *resolution, for confidence in another’s word.*

Lead

Sc. 6. The TRAGEDY of MACBETH. 295

Lead our first battle. Brave Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well :

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all
breath,

Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[Alarums continued.]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman ? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; tho' thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lyest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword
I'll prove the lye thou speak'st.

[Fight, and young Siward's slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman ; ———
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and childrens' ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves : or thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. Where thou should'st be—
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seems

Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune !
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord, the castle's gently render'd ;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes your's,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

S C E N E VII. *Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword ? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charge'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words ;
My voice is in my sword ! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour ;
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm !
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so ;
For it hath cow'd my better part of man :
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope ! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under writ,

Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnan wood be come to Dunfinane,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough."
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours,
Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see
So great a day as this is cheaply bought

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son,

Ross. Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then is he dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then [sorrow
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knell'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;

They

They say he parted well, and paid his score.
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where
stands

Th' usurper's curst head; the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! *[Flourish.]*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what's needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of God,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish.] *Exeunt omnes.*

C. MARCIUS CORIOLANUS*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a Noble Roman, hated by the common people.

Titus Lartius, Cominius, { Generals against the Volscians, and friends to Coriolanus.

Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, { Tribunes of the people, and enemies to Coriolanus.

Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus.

Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus.

Valeria, friend to Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Licitors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is partly in Rome, and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A street in Rome.

Enter company of mutinous Citizens with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* **B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

* The whole history exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch.

1 *Cit.*

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patri-
cians, good: what authority surfeits on, would relieve
us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it
were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us hu-
manely: but they think we are too dear: the leanness
that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inven-
tory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is
a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes,
ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this
in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius
Marcius.

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the com-
monalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for
his country!

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him
good report for't, but that he pays himself with being
proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously,
he did it to that end: though soft-conscience'd men can
be content to say it was for his country, he did it to
please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he
is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account
a vice * in him: you must in no way say he is cove-
tous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusa-
tions; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition,
[*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? the other side
o' th' city is risen; why stay we prating here? To the
Capitol ———

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft——who comes here?

* *vice* is here used inaccurately for *crime*.

S C E N E II. *Enter Menenius Agrippa.*

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you.

With bats and clubs! the matter—Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds: they say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you. For your wants, Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong links asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the Patricians, make it; and Your knees to them (not arms) must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' th' state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—true, indeed!—they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain: make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,

Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale, (it may be you have heard it);
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't * a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,

We'll hear it, Sir — yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a tale:
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it; —
That only, like a gulph, it did remain
I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd —

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus —
(For look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak), it tauntingly reply'd
To th' discontented members, th' mutinous parts,
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly †,
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you —

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer — what!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they —

Men. What then? — Fore me this fellow speaks.
What then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' th' body, —

Men. Well, — what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

* weigh, examine, and apply it.

† i. e. exactly.

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend.
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers; and thus answer'd:
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man;
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly), mark me—

2 Cit. Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 Cit. It was an answer;—how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' th' common; you shall find
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly! —

2 Cit. I the great toe! why, the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' th' lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou rascal, that are worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage. —
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
The one side must have bale.

S C E N E III. *Enter Caius Marcius.*

Hail, Noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, [rogues,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,
That likes not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, sweems with sins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate;
Him vile that was your gariand. What's the matter,
That in the several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who
(Under the gods) keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof they say
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they say! —

They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise;
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong, [out
And feeble such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled shoes. They say there's grain e-
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth, [nough!
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high

As

As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded: For though abundantly they lack discretion, Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you, What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em, They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs; That *hunger broke stone walls*—that *dogs must eat*,— That *meat was made for mouths*—that *the gods sent not Corn for the rich men only*—With these threads They vented their complainings: which being answer'd, And a petition granted them, a strange one, To break the heart of Generosity, And make bold Power look pale: they threw their caps As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon, Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms, Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'s death, The rabble should have first unroof'd the city Ere so prevail'd with me! it will in time Win upon Power, and throw forth greater themes For Insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here—what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, Sir, the Volscians are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't; then we shall have means to vent.

Our musty superfluity. See! our best elders—

S C E N E IV!

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us, The Volscians are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,

C c 3

Tullus.

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
 I sin in envying his Nobility :
 And were I any thing but what I am,
 I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together ?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
 Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
 Only my wars with him. He is a lion
 That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
 Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
 Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
 What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Lart. No, Caius Marcius,
 I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
 Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred !

1 Sen. Your company to th' Capitol, where I know
 Our greatest friends attend us.

Lart. Lead you on ;

Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;
 Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Lartius ———

1 Sen. Hence to your homes — be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Nay, let them follow ;

The Volscians have much corn : take these rats thither,
 To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,
 Your valour puts well forth ; pray, follow. —

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people —

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the
 gods ———

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon,

Bru.

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at which he aims,
In whom already he is well grace'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy Censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, Oh, if he
Had borne the business —

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than this singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V. *Changes to Corioli.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

1 Sen. So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not your's?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence — these are the words — I think
I have the letter here; yes — here it is:
They have press'd a power, but it is not known

[Reading.
Whether

Whether for east or west; the dearth is great,
 The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
 (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 'tis bent — most likely 'tis for you:
 Consider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
 We never yet made doubt, but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
 To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
 They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatch-
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery [ing,
 We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
 To take in many towns, ere (almost) Rome
 Should know we were a-foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission, hie you to your bands;
 Let us alone to guard Corioli;
 If they set down before's, 'fore they remove,
 Bring up your army: but I think you'll find
 They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that.
 I speak from certainties. Nay more,
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your Honours,
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your Honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Caius Marcius's house in Rome.

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; they sit down on two low
 stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself
 in

in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' intreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if Renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek Danger where he was like to find Fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Tir. But had he died in the business, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed thou shalt not.

" Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum:

" I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;

" As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him.

" Methinks I see him stamp thus—and call thus—

" Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,

" Though ye were born in Rome; his bloody brow

" With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes

" Like to a harvest-man, that's talk'd to mow

" Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. " His bloody brow! oh, Jupiter, no blood!—

Vol. " Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,

" Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,

" When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

" Than

“ Than Hector’s forehead, when it spit forth blood
 “ At Grecian swords contending. Tell Valeria,
 We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.]*

Vir. Heav’ns bless my Lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He’ll beat Aufidius’ head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam —

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship —

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing here? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your Ladyship: well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O’ my word, the father’s son: I’ll swear ’tis a very pretty boy. “ O’ my troth, I look’d on him o’
 “ Wednesday half an hour together — h’as such a
 “ confirm’d countenance. I saw him run after a gilded
 “ butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again,
 “ and after it again; and over and over he comes, and
 “ up again; and caught it again; and whether his fall
 “ enrage’d him, or how ’twas, he did so set his teeth,
 “ and did tear it; oh, I warrant how he mammock’d
 “ it!

Vol. One of’s father’s moods.

Val. Indeed, la. ’tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stichery; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I’ll not over the threshold, till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Vir. I will with her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses's absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam ———

Val. In earnest 'tis true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is — The Volscians have an army forth, against whom Cominius the General is gone with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so I pray go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth I think she would. Fare you well then. Come, good sweet Lady. Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam, indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Changes to the walls of Corioli.*

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, *with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to your's, no.

Mart. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend him you
I will

For half an hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow the blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others
on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he;
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Drum afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[*Alarum far off.*

There is Aufidius. List, what work he makes
Among your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it! ———

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volscians.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts; [Titus,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fel-
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscian, - [lows;
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*

SCENE VIII *Re-enter Marcius.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you! ——— herds of boils and
Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd [plagues
Farther

Farther than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile ! — You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves, that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !
 All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale,
 With flight, and agued fear ! mend and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you : look to't, come on ;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So now the gates are ope : now prove good seconds ;
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To th' pot, I' warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden,
 Clapt to their gates ; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow !

Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword ;
 And, when it bows, stands up : thou art left, Marcius—
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish *, not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes, but with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

* Plutarch, in the life of Coriolanus, relates this as the opinion of Cato the elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice : and the poet here, by following the historian inadvertently, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.

Enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir. ———

Lart. O, 'Tis Marcius.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain * alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

Enter certain Romans with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their ho-
At a crack'd drachm: cushions, leaden spoons, [nours
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noise the General makes!—to him;—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.
T' Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! bold gentleman!
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius, —
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;

[To the Trumpet.]

* An old way of speaking, signifying but the same as remain.

Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Changes to the Roman camp.*

Enter Cominius retreating with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charge'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes, as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountring,
May give you thankful sacrifice! Thy news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle.
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscians
Held me in chace, that I was force'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. "The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
"More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
"From every meaner man."

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye,
In arms as found, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial-day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying*, threat'ning th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on what side
They have place'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;

* i. e. remitting his ransom.

And that you not delay * the present, but
Filling the air with swords advance'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour. —

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing: if any such be here
(as it were sin to doubt) that love this painting,
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him alone (or many, if so minded)
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords, take him
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

Oh! me alone, make you a sword of me.
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscians? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
(I ho! thanks to all) must I select from all.
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause † will be obey'd; please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd

Com. March on, my fellows.
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E X. *Changes to Corioli.*

Titus Lartius having set a guard upon Corioli, going with
drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius,
enter with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,

* delay, for let slip.

† cause, for occasion.

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's.
Our guider, come! to th' Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Changes to the Roman camp.*

*Alarum, as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius, at
several doors.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike.

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy; fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the
aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights, till they be driv-
en in breathless.*]

Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds

[*Exeunt Mar. and Auf. fighting.*]

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one
door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door,
Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou wilt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where

Where great Patricians shall attend and shrug;
I' th' end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,——We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier! ——
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison.
Hast thou beheld ——

Mar. “ Pray now, no more: my mother,
“ Who has a charter to extol her blood,
“ When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's what I can;
Induce'd, as you have been; that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good-will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving. Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment,
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feiter 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your own choice.

Mar. I thank you, General;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword. I do refuse it,

And

And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius!
cast up their caps and lances. Cominius and Lar-
tius stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never found more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of false-face'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made
An overture for th' wars! — No more, I say:
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which without note
Here's many else have done; you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted
In praises sauce'd with lyes.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly; by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles;
Then reason safely with you: therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly e-
ver! [*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*]

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Mar. "I will go wash;
" And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
" Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition *,
To th' fairness † of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:

* A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to
support his good opinion of him,

† *fairness*, for *utmost*.

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success: you, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back; send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my Lord.

Mar. The gods begin to mock me.
I, that but now refus'd most princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Take't, 'tis your's: what is't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house. He us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me. I saw him prisoner:
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you.
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Mar. By Jupiter, forgot. —
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *Changes to the camp of the Volsci.*

*A flourish. Cornet. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with
two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volscian, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I' th' part that is at mercy! Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me;
And would't do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation.

Hath

Hath not that honour in't it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword ; I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle : my valour (poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him) for him
Shall fly out of itself. " Not sleep nor sanctuary,
" Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor capitol,
" The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
" Embarrments of all fury, shall lift up
" Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
" My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
" At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
" Against the hospitable canon, would I
" Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city ;
Learn how 'tis held ; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress-grove. I pray you,
('Tis south the city-mills), bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Rome.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. **T**HE augur tells me, we shall have news to-
night.

Bru. Good or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians
would the Noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed that lives like a lamb.

You

You are two old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir;—

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now! do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right-hand file, do you?

Bru. Why,—how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience:—give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so.—You blame Marcius for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride—oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias* fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; halcy and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are,

(I

(I cannot call you Lycurguses), if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your Worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you, you have good faces: if you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your biffon conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs*: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-feller, and then adjourn a controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber of the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen

* It appears from this whole speech, that Shakespear mistook the office of *Præfatus urbis* for the Tribune's office.

of the beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius stand aside.*]

S C E N E II.

As Menenius is going out, enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now my as fair as noble ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cup, Jupiter, and I thank thee—
hoo, Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh, no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had staid by him, I would not have been

so *fidius'd* for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good Ladies, let's go. Yes; yes, yes; the senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw.——

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? —— God save your good Worships; Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.—[*To the Tribunes.*] Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' th' shoulder, and i' th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout and flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advance'd, declines, and then men die.

S C E N E III.

Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates, where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother,——

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up:
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it, Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But oh, thy wife——

Cor. " My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph! Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee?

Cor. And live you yet? O my sweet Lady, pardon.

[*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy;—welcome!
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.—— You are three
That Rome should doat on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and your's.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good Patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But, with them, change of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing

Is wanting, which I doubt not but our Rome
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol. [Flourish. Cornets.
[Exeunt in state, as before.

SCENE IV. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. ' All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
' Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
' Into a rapture * lets her baby cry,
' While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
' Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
' Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, win-
dows,
' Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
' With variable complexions; all agreeing
' In earnestness to see him: feld-shown flamins
' Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
' To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
' Commit the ware of white and damask in
' Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
' Of Phœbus' burning kisses; such a pothor,
' As if that whatsoever god who leads him,
' Were slyly crept into his human powers,
' And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little question

* rapture, a common term, at that time used for a fit, simply. So
to be rap'd, signified, to be in a fit.

As he is prone to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the' gentry,
And the desire o' th' Nobles.

Sic. I willⁿ no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to's power he would
Have made them mules, silence'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in the war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep), will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You're sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be Consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he pass'd; the Nobles bended
 As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
 I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *Changes to the Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for Consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness he lets them plainly see't.

1 Off. "If he did not care whether he had their love
 "or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them nei-
 "ther good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with
 "greater devotion than they can render it him; and
 "leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him
 "their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and
 "displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he
 "dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as theirs who have been supple and courteous to the people; bonnetted, without any farther deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that
 for

for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lye, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscians, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present Consul, and last General, In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us think, Rather our state's defective for requital, Than that we stretch it out. Masters o' th' people, We do request your kindest ear; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts Inclunable to honour and advance The theam of our * assembly.

Bru. Which the rather

* He should have said *your* assembly. For till the *Lex Atinia*, (the author of which is suppoed by Sigonius [*De vetere Italicae jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus), the Tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house.

We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:

I would you rather had been silent: please you
To hear Cominius speak:

Bru. Most willingly:

But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*]

Nay, keep your place.

Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your Honour's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.——

Men. Pray now sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'th' sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit Coriolanus.]

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one, when you see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't? Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,

Whom

Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' th' Consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd th' best man i' th' field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
 Man-entred thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o' th' garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: he stopt the fliers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stern: his sword, (death's stamp),
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny: aidless came off,
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet. Nor's this all;
 For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
 And lock'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' th' world: he covets less
 Than Misery * itself would give, rewards
 His deeds with doing them, and is content
 To spend his time——

* *miser*, for *avarice*; because a *miser* signifies an *avaricious*.

Men.

Men. To end it, he's right noble.
Let him be called for.

Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and intreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrages.
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: pray, fit you to the custom,
And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with the form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that:

Cor. To brag unto them, Thus I did—and thus,—
Shew them th' unaking scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only ———

Men. Do not stand upon't: ———
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our Noble Consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish Cornet. Then Exeunt.*]

Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII. *Changes to the Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. Once *, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, Sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed monster.

3 Cit. We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all points o' th' compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. "To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife."

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks—you may, you may——

* Once, here means the same as when we say, once for all.

3 Cit.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of Humility; mark his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not The worthiest men have done't? [known,

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—plague upon't, I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace! Look, Sir,—my wounds—I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em.

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you: pray you speak to 'em, I pray you, In wholesome manner. [Exit.

Two Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace. You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray your price o' th' consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be your's in private. Your good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd. I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again:—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt*]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma. ———

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. But I will, Sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; for 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers: therefore beseech you, I may be Consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices ———
 Better it is to die, better to starve,
 Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.*

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
 Your voices—— for your voices I have fought,
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen and odd: battles thrice six
 I've seen, and heard of: for your voices have
 Done many things, some less, some more: —— your
 Indeed I would be Consul. [voices:——

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul, the gods give
 him joy, and make him a good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, Noble Consul!
 [Exeunt.]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've stood your limitation: and the Tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
 That in th' official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharge'd:
 The people do admit you, and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

* —— we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
 To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
 Their needless voucher? Custom calls me to't——
 What custom wills in all things, should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd,
 For truth to o'er-peer.——Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Three Citizens, &c.

Cor.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do: and, knowing myself a-
Repair to th' senate-house. [gain,

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [Exeunt Coriol. and Men.

S C E N E VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves!

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he'd wounds, which he could shew in
And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn, [private;
I would be consul, says he: aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was — I thank you for your voices — thank
you —

Your most sweet voices — now you have left your
voices,

I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't?

Or, seeing it of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him

As you were lesson'd? When he had no power.

But was a petty servant to the state,
 He was your enemy ; still spake against
 Your liberties, and charters that you bear
 I' th' body of the weal : and now arriving
 At place of potency, and sway o' th' state,
 If he should still malignantly remain
 Fast foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
 Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
 That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
 Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature
 Would think upon you for your voices, and
 Translate his malice tow'rds you into love,
 Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
 As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
 And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature ;
 Which easily endures not article,
 Tying him to aught ; so putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'n th' advantage of his choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves ? and do you think,
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you ? or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you
 Ere now deny'd the asker ! and now again
 On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues ?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I, twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
 They've chose a Consul that will from them take
 Their liberties ; make them of no more voice

Than

Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election: inforce his pride,
And his old hate to you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance;
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd, no impediment between,
But that you must cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him more after our command-
Than guided by your own affections; [ment,
And that your minds, preoccupied with what
You rather must do, than what you should do,
Made you against the grain to voice him Consul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not: say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house of Marcius; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius; Numa's daughter's son;
Who, after great Hostilius, here was King:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither.
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
(And nobly nam'd for twice being Censor),
Was his great ancestor*.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend

* Plutarch, in his account of the Mar-ian family, enumerates the several great men who have sprung from it; in which list stand Publius Marcius, and Quintus Marcius, and Censorinus; who, though they lived before Plutarch, came after Coriolanus. Shakespear therefore, by copying Plutarch too closely and hastily, hath fallen into this inadvertency, of making a cotemporary with Coriolanus mention the men who lived long after him.

To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all repent in their election.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians.]

Bru. Let them go on :
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come ;
We will be there before the stream o' th' people :
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A public street in Rome.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. **T**ULLUS Aufidius then had made new head.
Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was
Our swifter composition. [*which caus'd*]

Cor. So then the Volscians stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make 'road
Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volscians, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town. He is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord,

Cor.

Cor. How? ——— what? ———

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there;
To oppose his hatred fully.——Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah! ——— what is that! ———

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on——no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens' voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now, [ces?
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offi-
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot;

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd;

Scandal'd

Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better your's.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul: by yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must inquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd, — set on; — this
Becomes not Rome: nor has Coriolanus [paltring
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' th' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again —

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live. I will —

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-scented many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more —

Sen. No more words, we beseech you —

Cor. How! — no more! —

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' th' people as you were a god
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Men. What, what! his choler?

Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight-sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain?

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *shall*!

O good, but most unwise Patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' th' monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then veil your ignorance*; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You're Plebians,
If they be Senators; and they are no less.
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate †
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece †! By Jove himself,
It makes the Consuls base; "and my soul akes
" To know, when two authorities are up,
" Neither supreme, how soon confusion
" May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
" The one by th' other.

Com. Well—on to th' market-place.

* *ignorance*, for *impotence*; because it makes impotent.

† *i. e.* that ever projected or executed laws.

Cor. Who ever gave that counfel, to give forth
The corn o' th' storehouse, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
I fay, they nourish'd difobedience, fed [power ;
The ruin of the ftate.

Bru. Why fhall the people give
One that fpeaks thus their voice ?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
Was not their recompence ; refting affur'd,
They ne'er did fervice for't ; being prefs'd to th' war,
Even when the navel of the ftate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates : this kind of fervice
Did not deserve corn *gratis* : being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they fhew'd
Moft valour, fpoke not for them. Th' accusation,
Which they have often made againft the fenate,
All caufe unborn, could never be the native *
Of our fo frank donation. Well, what then ?
How fhall this bofom-multiplied digeft
The fenate's courtefy ? let deeds exprefs,
What's like to be their words—*We did request it—*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands. — Thus we debase
The nature of our feats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears ; which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' fenate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over meafure.

Cor. No, take more ;
What may be fworn by. Both divine and human
Seal what I end withal ! — This double worfhip,
Where one part does difdain with caufe, the other
Insult without all reafon ; where gentry, title, wifdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it muft omit
Real neceffities, and give way the while
T' unftable flightnefs ; [purpofe fo barr'd, it follows,

* native, for natural birth.

Nothing is done to purpose]. * Therefore beseech you,
 (You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state
 More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To vamp a body with a dangerous phyfic,
 That's sure of death without), at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment †, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become ‡ it;
 Not having power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet be said, it must be law,
 And throw their power i' th' dust.

Bru. Manifest treason ———

Sic. This a Consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho! let him be apprehended.

[Ædiles enter.]

Sic. Go, call the people, in whose name myself
 Attach thee as a traiterous innovator;
 A foe to th' public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer. [Laying hold on Coriolan.]

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Age'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

* This seems to be spurious.

† judgment, for government.

‡ b.c.me, for adorn.

S C E N E II.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides, more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus.]

Tribunes, Patricians, citizens — what ho! —

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near, I cannot speak, — you Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; speak, Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people — peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune; peace; speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties.
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie.

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;

Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian,* and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

All Ple. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; 'beseech you, Tribunes,
hear me but a word ———

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Coriolanus draws his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword; Tribunes, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius, help——you that be noble,
help him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him.

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
people, are beat in.*

S C E N E III.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be nought else.

2 Sen. Get you gone

Cor. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house,
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore

You cannot tent yourself; begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were Barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd); not Romans, (as they are
Though calved in the porch o' th' Capitol), [not,
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,

One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself take up a brace o' th' best of them; yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd fool'ry, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you be gone.
I'll try if my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come, away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

S C E N E IV.

1 Sen. This man hath marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

" He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

" Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

" What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;

" And, being angry, does forget that ever

" He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]

Here's goodly work.

2 Sen. I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in Tiber——What, the
Could he not speak 'em fair? [*vengeance,*]

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are

The

The people's mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall, be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir, —

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt.
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak.

As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults —

Sic. Consul! — what Consul!

Men. The Consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He Consul! —

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribune's leave, and yours, good
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two; [people,
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor, To eject him hence,
Were but our danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Tow'rd her deserving children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's but a limb that has disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,

It honour'd him.

Sic. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will (too late)
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If 'twere so——

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience,
Our Ædiles smote, ourselves resisted? Come——

Men. Consider this: he hath been bred i' th' wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Forum; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me desire your company; he must come,

[To the Senators.]

Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray, let's to him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE V. *Changes to Coriolanus's house.*

Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations; yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. (I talk of you)
[To his mother]
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go —

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, some-
thing too rough:
You must return and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Fray, be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as your's,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, Noble woman.
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' times craves it as phyfic
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it for the gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. “ I've heard you say,
“ Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
“ I th' war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
“ In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
“ That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush——

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy: how is't less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because it lies on you to speak to th' people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
But roated on your tongue; bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd

I should do so in honour. I am in this
Your wife, your son, these Senators, the Nobles.
And you will rather shew our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin!

Men. Noble Lady!

Come, go with us, speak fair: you may save so
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pry'thee now, my son,

“ Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
“ And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them),
“ Thy knee bussing the stones; (for in such business
“ Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
“ More ignorant than the ears); waving thy hand,
“ Which soften thus, correcting thy stout heart,
“ Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
“ That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
“ Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
“ Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
“ Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
“ In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
“ Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
“ As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,

Ev'n as she speaks, why, all their hearts were your's:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'y'thee now,

Go and be rul'd; altho' I know thou'dst rather
“ Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulph
“ Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I've been iⁿ the market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol.

Vol. He must and will :

Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed scone?

Must my base tongue give to my noble heart

A lye, that it must bear? Well, I will do't.

Yet were there but this single plot * to lose,

This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,

And throw't against the wind. To th' market-place!

You've put me now to such a part, which never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so

To have my praise for this, perform a part

Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't.

' Away, my disposition, and possess me

' Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,

' Which quired with my drum, into a pipe

' Small as an Eunuch's, or the virgin voice

' That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves

' Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up

' The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue

' Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,

' Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his

' That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,—

' Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,

' And, by my body's action, teach my mind,

' A most inherent baseness.

Vol. " At thy choice then.

" To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,

" Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let

" Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

" Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death

" With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list:

" Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;

" But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content.

Mother, I'm going to the market-place:

Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,

Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd

* *i. e.* piece, portion.

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.

[*Exit Volumnia.*]

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
Yourself to answer mildly: for they're prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, *mildly*.— Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention; I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.— [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *Changes to the Forum.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Ed. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither,
And, when they hear me say, It shall be so,
I' th' right and strength o' th' Commons; (be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment), then let them,
If I say *Fine*, cry *Fine*; if *Death*, cry *Death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' th' truth o' th' cause.

Ed.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Off contradiction. Being once chaf'd he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us * to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume:— The honour'd
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice [gods
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you,
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Lift to your Tribunes: audience;
Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charge'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

* A familiar phrase of that time, signifying *troops with us.*

Cor.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, Citizens, he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' th' holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter
only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy, you——

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for Consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How? Traitor?——

Men. Nay, temperately: your promise.

Cor. The fires i' th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say,
Thou lyest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th' rock with him.

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him, even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,

Deserves

Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome ———

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You? ———

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know; I pray you ———

Cor. I'll know no farther:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, fleeing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people; seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at last
Giv'n hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome's gates. I th' people's name,
I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my master's, and my common friends——

Sic. He's sentence'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.

I have been Consul and can shew for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: than if I would
Speak that ———

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd

As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. " You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
" As reek o' th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
" As the dead carcases of unburied men,
" That do corrupt my air: I banish you.
" And here remain with your uncertainty!
" Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;
" Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
" Fan you into despair! have the power still
" To banish your defenders, till at length
" Your ignorance, (which finds not till it feels),
" Making but reservation of yourselves,
" (Still your own enemies), deliver you,
" As most abated * captives, to some nation
" That won you without blows! Despising then,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere——

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.]

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come; let's see him out at the gates;
come.

The gods preserve our Noble Tribunes!——come.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Before the gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Cor. C Ome, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the
beast

* *Abated* here carries the sense of *sunk* and *diminished* in spirit and
courage.

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H h

With

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
 Where is your ancient courage? "You were us'd
 "To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits;
 "That common chances common men could bear;
 "That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 "Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
 "When most struck home, being gently * warded,
 craves

"A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
 "With precepts, that would make invincible
 "The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I prythee, woman—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
 And occupations perish!

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
 Droop not; adieu: farewell, my wife! my mother!
 I'll do well yet. "Thou old and true Menenius,
 "Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 "And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime General,
 I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly, " (though I go alone,
 "Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 "Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen), your
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught [son
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first † son,
 Where will you go? take good Cominius
 With thee a while; determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance,
 That starts i' th' way before thee.

* gently, for nobly.

† i. e. noblest, most eminent of men.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:

Thou'st years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch*: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further
Vex'd are the Nobles, who, we see, have sided [ther,
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
Here comes his mother.

* i. e. of true metal unallay'd. A metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met:

The hoorded plague o' th' gods requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
You shall stay too. [To Vir.]

Vir. I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool: is that a shame? note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words——

Sic. O blessed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words,
And for Rome's good—I'll tell thee what—yet go—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then? he'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknot himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had!

Vol. I would he had!——'Twas you incens'd the
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, [rabble:]
As I can of those mysteries which Heav'n
Will not have Earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The

The meanest house in Rome ; so far my son,
This lady's husband here, this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits ? *[Exeunt Tribunes.]*

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I wish the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth have cause. You'll sup with me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do, *[To Vir.]*
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, fie, fie ! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III. *Changes to Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me ; your
name I think is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir : truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; but my services are as you are,
against 'em. Know you me yet ?

Vol. Nicanor ? no.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you, but
your favour is well appeal'd * by your tongue. What's
the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volscian
state to find you out there. You have well sav'd me
a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections :
the people against the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been ! is it ended then ? Our state thinks
not so : they are in a most warlike preparation, and
hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive so
to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that

* *i. e.* brought into remembrance.

they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicenor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she is fallen out with her husband. Your Noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request with his country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one. The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man I think that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part for me, Sir; I have the most cause to be glad of your's.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.— City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard grone, and drop: then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.— Save you, Sir!

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Aufidius lies:
Is he in Antium!

[Aufidius lies:
Cit.

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the state at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir. Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*]

" Oh, World, thy slippery turns! friends now fast-sworn,

" Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart;

" Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise

" Are still together; who twine (as 'twere) in love

" Inseparable, shall within this hour,

" On a dissension of a doit, break out

" To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,

" Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,

" To take the one the other, by some chance,

" Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,

" And interjoin their issues. So, with me: —

My birth-place have I and my lovers left;

This enemy's house I'll enter; if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country's service.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to a hall in Aufidius's house.*

Music plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* Wine, wine, wine! what service is here?

I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*]

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him:

Cotus.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well, but I appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray go to the door.

[*Exit.*]

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being Coriolanus.

[*Aside.*]

Enter

Enter second Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away! —

2 *Ser.* Away? — get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 *Ser.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Ser.* What fellow's this?

1 *Ser.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' th' house. Pr'ythee call my master to him.

3 *Ser.* What have you to do here, fellow? pray you avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Ser.* What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 *Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 *Ser.* Pray you poor Gentleman, take up some other station, here's no place for you; pray you avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.]

3 *Ser.* What, will you not? pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Ser.* And I shall. *[Exit second Serving-man.]*

3 *Ser.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Ser.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Ser.* Where's that?

Cor. I' th' city of kites and crows.

3 *Ser.* I' th' city of kites and crows? what an afs it is! then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress: thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher: hence.

[Beats him away.]

Enter

Enter Aufidius with a Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Ser. Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, yet thou know'st me not, and, seeing
Dost not yet take me for the man I am, [me,
Necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to Volscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me

Auf. I know thee not; thy name? [yet?

Cor. My name is *Gaius Marcius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname *Coriolanus*. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname: a good memory*,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest,
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
I'd have avoided thee: but in mere spite
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast

* i. e. memorial.

A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen thro' thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee: for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under-fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf Oh, Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou'st spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak to me things divine,
 And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all-noble Marcius. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where-against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. " Know thou first,
 " I lov'd the maid I married: never man
 " Sigh'd truer breath: but that I see thee here,
 " Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 " Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 " Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 " Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
 " We have been down together in my sleep,
 " Unbuckling

“ Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 “ And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that [cius,
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'erbear. O come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
 Who now are here taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thy own revenges, take
 One half of my commission, and set down
 As best thou art experience'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own ways!
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in.
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say *Yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. — Your hand; most
 welcome! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Enter two Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Here's a strange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his
 cloaths made a false report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about
 with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
 top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
 thing in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought
 — I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so: looking as it were — 'Would I
 were hanged, but I thought there was more in him
 than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest
 man i' th' world.

1 *Ser.*

1 *Ser.* I think he is; but a greater foldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my master?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth fix on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater foldier.

2 *Ser.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations. I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, Caius Marcius.

1 *Ser.* Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not say, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy news; ———

3 *Ser.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o' th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter

of Rome gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs, (like conies after rain), and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; 'tis sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so; and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* " Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* " Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A public place in Rome.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him. His remedies are tame i' th' present peace And quietness o' th' people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here he makes his friends.

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I i

Blush,

Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Dissensious numbers pest'ring streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind of
late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much mis'd, but with
his friends: the commonwealth doth stand, and so
would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better,
if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing.

His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
Are bound to pray for you both. [knees,

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours.

We wish'd Coriolanus had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell. [Exeunt Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' th' war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volscians with two several powers
Are entered in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volscians dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave.
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy Sir,
The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a pow'r 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely! —

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrarieties.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement*, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?

You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, you'r news?
If Marcius should be joined with the Volscians, —

Com. If? he is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than Nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer-butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that stood so much

* cement, for sincture or inchsure.

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do seemingly revolt; and who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: his best friends, if they
Shou'd say, "Be good to Rome," they charge him even
As those should do that have deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease." You've made fair
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair! [hands,

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like
And coward Nobles, gave way to your clusters, [beasts,
Who did hoot him out o' th' city.

Com. But I fear

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

SCENE VII. *Enter a troop of Citizens.*

Men. Here come the clusters. —

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, Banish him; I said, 'Twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and to say the truth, so did
very many of us; that we did, we did for the best;
and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you, voices!—

Men. You have made good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt.*

Sic. Go, matters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a fide that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us: come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i' th' wrong, when we
banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all; but come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; 'would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lye!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE VIII. *A camp at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieut. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieut. Yet I wish, Sir,
(I mean for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him: though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly;
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieut. Sir, I beseech, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First, he was
A noble servant to them: but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether pride,
(Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man); whether defect of judgment,
(To fail in the disposing of those chances
Whereof he was the lord); or whether nature,
(Not to be other than one thing; not moving

From

From th' cask to th' cushion; but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb,
 As he controll'd the war); but one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all), not all,
 For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: but he has merit
 To choke it in the utterance; so our virtues
 Lie in th' interpretation of the time;
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair
 T' extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Right's by right foiled, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away; when, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thour't poor't of all, then shortly art thou mine. [*Exe.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public place in Rome.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, with others.

Men. NO, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
 Which was sometime his General, who lov'd
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me father: [him
 But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent, fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time did he call me by my name:
 I urge'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus
 He would not answer to; forbad all names;
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 Till he had forge'd himself a name o' th' fire
 Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you've made good work:
 A pair of Tribunes, that have reck'd for Rome,
 To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
 When it was least expected. He reply'd,

It

It was a bare * petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of those: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, tow'rd's Marcius.

Men. Well, and say, that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard: (what then?)
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good-will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
" He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
" The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
" We powt upon the morning, are unapt
" To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
" These pipes, and these conveyances of blood

* bare, for mean, beggarly.

" With

" With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
 " Than in our priest-like fasts ; therefore I'll watch
 " Till he be dieted to my request, [him
 And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
 And cannot lose your way.

Men. 'Good faith, I'll prove him,
 Speed how it will. You shall ere long have knowledge
 Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I'll tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
 Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury
 The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
 'Twas very faintly he said, Rise : dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
 He sent in writing after ; what he would not,
 Bound with an oath, not yield to new conditions ;
 So that all hope is vain, unless his mother
 And wife, who (as I hear) mean to solicit him,
 Force mercy to his country. Therefore hence,
 And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Changes to the Volscian camp.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard,

1 Watch. Stay : whence are you ?

2 Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But, by your
 I am an officer of state, and come [leave,
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 Watch. Whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return : our
 Will no more hear from thence. [General

2 Watch. You'll see your Rome embrace'd with fire,
 You'll speak with Coriolanus. [before

Men. Good my friends,
 If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
 And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
 My name hath touch'd your ears ; it is *Menenius*.

1 Watch. Be it so, go back : the virtue of your name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts ; whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified :
For I have ever narrified * my friends,
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I've tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 Watch. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lyes
in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,
you should not pass here : no, though it were as vir-
tuous to lye, as to live chastly. Therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is *Me-
nenius* ; always factionary of the party of your Ge-
neral.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you
say you have), I am one that, telling true under him,
must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell ? for I would not
speak with him till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate Rome, as he does.
Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the
very defender of them, and, in a violent popular igno-
rance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his
revenges with the easy groans of old women, the vir-
ginal palms † of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of such a decay'd dotard as you seem to be ?
Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city
is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ?

* *i. e.* made their encomium.

† By *virginal palms* may be understood the holding up the hands in
supplication. But as this sense is cold, and gives us even a ridiculous
idea ; and as the passions of the several intercessors seem intended to be
here represented, perhaps Sh kespear might write *paines* or *pânes*, *i. e.*
fwooning-fits, from the French, *passer*, or *pâner*.

No,

No, you are deceiv'd; therefore back to Rome, and prepare for your execution; you are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

1 Watch. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 Watch. My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood: that's the utmost of your having. Back, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow, ——

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a jack-gardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus; guess by my entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not i' th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and cruel in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.——The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! Oh my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee, but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee——

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate Forgetfulness shall prison, rather Than pity note how much —— Therefore be gone; Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, Takethisalong; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives him a letter.*

And would have sent it Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st —

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exeunt.

Manent the guard, and Menenius.

1 Watch. Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 Watch. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you
know the way home again.

1 Watch. Do you hear, how we are silent for keep-
ing your Greatness back?

2 Watch. What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General:
for such things as you, I can scarce think there's
any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by
himself, fears it not from another. Let your General
do his worst: for you, be what you are, long; and
your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as
I was said to, Away ——— [Exit.

1 Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our General. He's
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Ex Watch.

S C E N E III. *Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian Lords, how plainly
I've borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected; stop
Your ears against the general suit of Rome;
Never admitted private whisper, no,
Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Tho' I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, (which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept), to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: a very little
I've yielded to. Fresh embassy, and suits,

Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
In the same time 'tis made? I will not——

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius,
with Attendants, all in mourning*

“ My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
“ Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
“ The grandchild to her blood But, out, affection!
“ All bond and privilege of nature break!
“ Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.
“ What is that curstif worth? or those dove's eyes,
“ Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
“ Of stronger earth than others: my mother bows,
“ As if Olympus to a molehill should
“ In supplication nod; and my young boy
“ Hath an aspect of intercession, which
“ Great Nature cries, *Deny not.* Let the Volscians
“ Plow Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
“ Be such a gossling to obey instinct; but stand
“ As if a man were author of himself,
“ And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. “ Like a dull actor now,

“ I have forgot my part, and I am out,
“ Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
“ Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
“ For that, Forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss
“ Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
“ Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
“ I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
“ Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate;
“ And the most noble mother of the world
“ Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i'th' earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression-shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest'd!

Whilst

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*]

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,

I help to frame thee. Do you know this Lady?

Cor. "The noble sister of Poplicola,

"The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,

"That's curled by the frost from purest snow,

"And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!——

Vol. This is a poor epitome of your's,

[*Shewing young Marcius.*]

Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. "The God of soldiers;

"With the consent of supreme Jove, inform

"Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove

"To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' wars

"Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,

"And saving those that eye thee!"

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you

Cor. I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;

The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never

Be held by you denial. Do not bid me

Dismiss my foldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's mechanics. Tell me not

Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not

T' allay my rages and revenges, with

Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more; no more:

You've said, you will not grant us any thing:

For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscians, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy exile. “ Think with thyself,
“ How more unfortunate than all living women
“ Are we come hither; since thy sight, which should
“ Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
 comforts,
“ Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and for-
“ Making the mother, wife, and child to see, [row;
“ The son, the husband, and the father tearing
“ His country's bowels out; and to poor we,
“ Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
“ Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
“ That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
“ Our wish, which side shou'd win. “ For either thou
“ Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
“ With manacles along our streets; or else
“ Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
“ And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
“ Thy wife and children's blood For myself, son,
“ I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
“ These wars determine. If I can't persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living in time.

Boy.

Boy. "He shall not tread on me :

"I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight."

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to see :
I've sat too long. ———

Vol. Nay go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscians whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour. No ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscians
May say, This mercy we have shew'd ; the Romans,
This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee ; and cry, Be blest'd
For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
Whose chronicle thus writ, ' The man was noble—
' But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
' Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
' To th' ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son :
Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods ;
Who tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet do charge their sulphur with a bolt,
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak you :
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy ;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother ; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' stocks. Thou'lt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she, (poor hen), fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back : but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which

To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away :
 Down, Ladies ; let us shame him with our knees,
 To's surname *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down, and end ;
 This is the last. So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours : nay, behold us.
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go ;
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli ; and this child
 Like him by chance : yet give us our dispatch.
 I'm hush'd, until our city be afire ;
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. " O mother, mother ! ———

[*Holds her by the hands, silent.*

" What have you done ? Behold, the heav'ns do ope,
 " The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 " They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother ! oh !
 You've won a happy victory to Rome :
 But for your son, believe it, oh, believe it,
 Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. Let it come. —
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were ;
 And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweet compassion. But, good Sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray you
 Stand to me in this cause. O mother ! wife ! —

Auf. I'm glad thou'lt set thy mercy and thy honour
 At difference in thee ; out of that I'll work
 Myself my former fortune. [*Aside.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ; but we will drink together ;
 And you shall bear [*To Vol. Virg. &c.*
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counterfeal'd.

Come,

Come, enter with us.

Auf. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forum in Rome.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coin o' th' Capitol, yond corner-stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't ; our throats are sentence'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub : this Marcius is grown from man to dragon ; he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-years-old horse *. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger ; that shall our poor city find ; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not

* Subintelligitur, *remembers his dam,*

them ;

them ; and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house ; The Plebeians have got your fellow tribune, And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news ?

Mess. Good news, good news ; the ladies have pre-The Volscians are dislodge'd, and Marcius gone. [vail'd, A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art certain this is true ? is it most certain ?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire. Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted thro' the gates. Why, hark you,

[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians, A city full ; of Tribunes such as you, A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day. This morning, for ten thousand of your throats I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Sound still, with the shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings : next, Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city ?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over the stage; with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires: strew flowers before them.
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother.
Cry, — Welcome, Ladies, welcome!

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome! — [*Exeunt.*
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a public place in Antium.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords o' th' city, I am here.
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
The city-ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping [*come!*
To purge himself with words. Dispatch—Most wel.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

1 Con. How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so.

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most Noble sir,

If you hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits

A good construction. I raised him, and pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,

He

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and to this end
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and fierce.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping —

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat. I took him,
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,
Which he did make all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong ; till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
He wage'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord.
The army marvell'd at it, and, at last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we looked
For no less spoil than glory —

Auf. There was it ; —
(For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him) :
“ At a few drops of womens' rheum, which are
“ As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
“ Of our great action ; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of
the people.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home : but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,

After

After your way his tale pronounce'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours,
the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords; I am returned, your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to th' Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the seal o' th' senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, Noble Lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!—

Auf.

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caus Marcius; dost thou think, I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name *Coriolanus* in Corioli?

You Lords and heads o' th' state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome!
I say, your city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars! —

Auf. Name not the god! thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless lyar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave! —
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I'm force'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave Lords,
Must give this cur the lye; and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lye unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy? false hound! —
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.
Alone I did it. Boy!

Auf. Why, Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.
He kill'd my son, — my daughter, — kill'd my cousin, —
He kill'd my father, — [The croud speak promiscuously.]

2 Lord. Peace,—no outrage—peace—
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidius's, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword—

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The Conspirators all draw, and kill Marcius, who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat
Valour will weep.

3 Lord. I read not upon him—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My Lords, when you shall know (as, in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help, three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully.
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*Exe. bearing Marcius's body. A dead march sounded.*]

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.

8 MA 56

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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